

NO.
3



ALL



WINTER
ISSUE

WINNERS

STARRING

THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER
THE DESTROYER
THE WHIZZER
TORO and BUCKY

10¢



ALL WINNERS

Winter Issue ☆ ☆ CONTENTS ☆ ☆ Thrill to

HUMAN TORCH:Page 1

When the Black Dragon appeared on the victim's chest, the Human Torch found himself in the middle of a Doom Game played by murderous Japanese terrorists!

The Case of The Black Dragon Society!

CAPTAIN AMERICA:Page 13

Because the "Black Talon" story in the December issue of "Captain America Comics" was so well liked, Cap decided to tell you about another time when he fought a murderous artist! Here it is—

The Canvas of Doom!

WHIZZER:Page 26

Behind the walls of Tolegate Prison lurked a menace which struck dread fear in men's hearts! But when the words "jail-break" were uttered, the Whizzer took a hand!

Terror Prison!

ALSO:—Page 38

A gripping short novelette!

SUB MARINER:Page 40

What was the awful secret of the terror ship which prowled the seas? Sub Mariner meant to find out—though it cost his very life!

The Ship of Horrors!

DESTROYER:Page 53

Deep in the heart of Nazi Germany a dreadful scheme was afoot! Could the Destroyer prevent the Nazis from executing their foul deed, or would he too be a victim?

Secret Tunnel of Death!

If you enjoyed the thrilling tales of the characters in this magazine, don't fail to read the following magazines in which they regularly appear—

MARVEL COMICS (Human Torch and Sub Mariner)

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS (Captain America)

U.S.A. COMICS (Whizzer)

MYSTIC COMICS (Destroyer)

also the HUMAN TORCH and SUB MARINER Quarterlies!

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HUMAN TORCH

The CASE OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY

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PUMPS

WILDCAT OIL WELL

WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF THE BLACK DRAGON ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST? TORCH AND TORO SET OUT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY AND PLUNGE INTO AN ADVENTURE THAT PITS THEM AGAINST THE MURDEROUS FURY OF A SOCIETY OF JAPANESE TERRORISTS!

TORCH AND TORO ARE STROLLING ALONG A DOWNTOWN STREET WHEN THEY HEAR A SHARP REPORT...

WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT! C'MON-- LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!

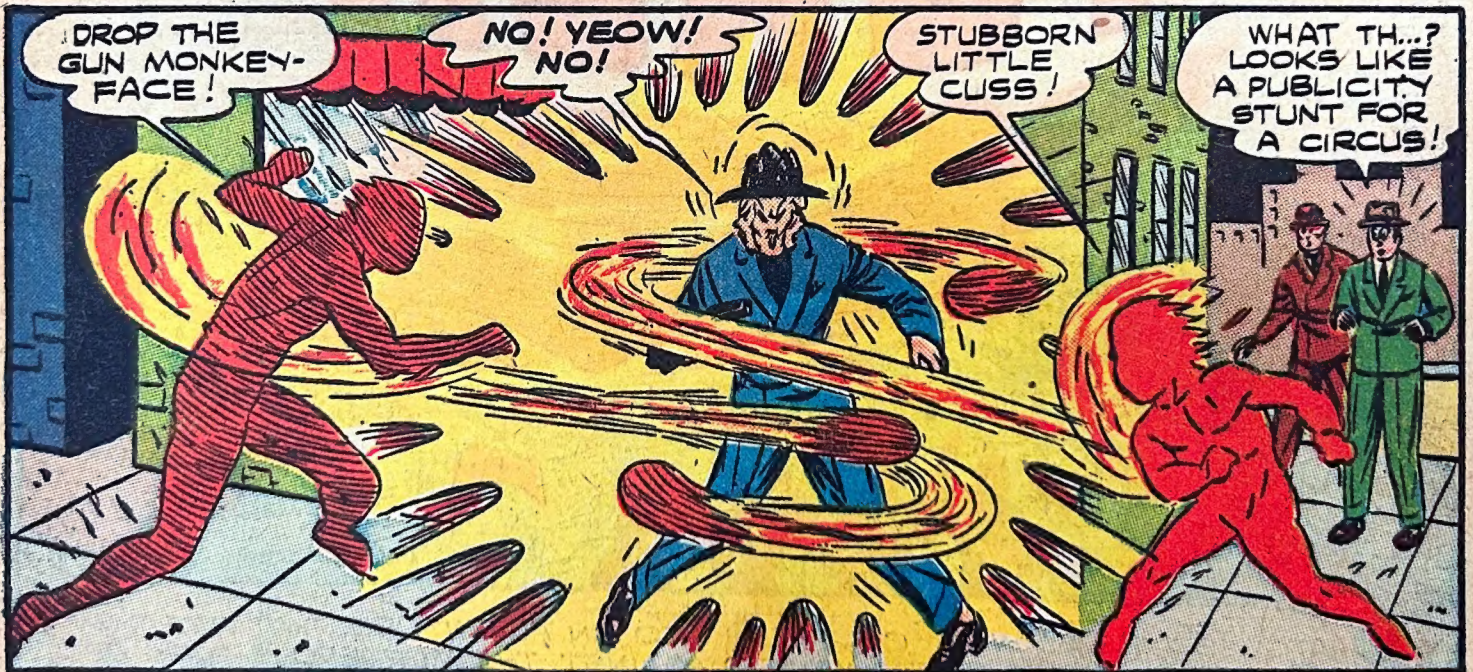
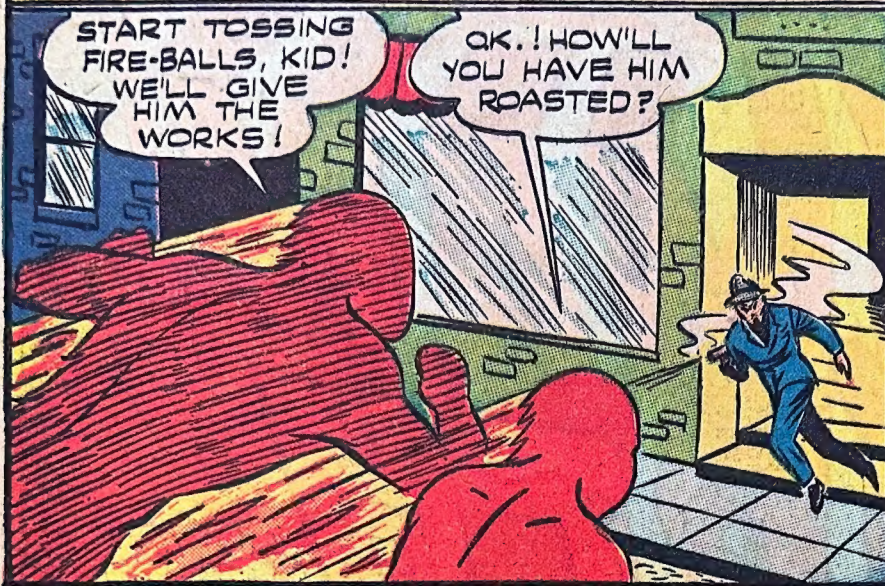
TROUBLE INDEED!

OUT OF THE WAY, EVERYBODY!

BANG! BANG!



43 THE JAP GUNMAN RACES OUT OF THE BUILDING,
TORCH AND TORO GO AFLAME...



TRAPPED, WITH DEATH OR
SURRENDER HIS ONLY
ALTERNATIVE, THE JAP
RAISES THE GUN UP
TO HIS HEAD!

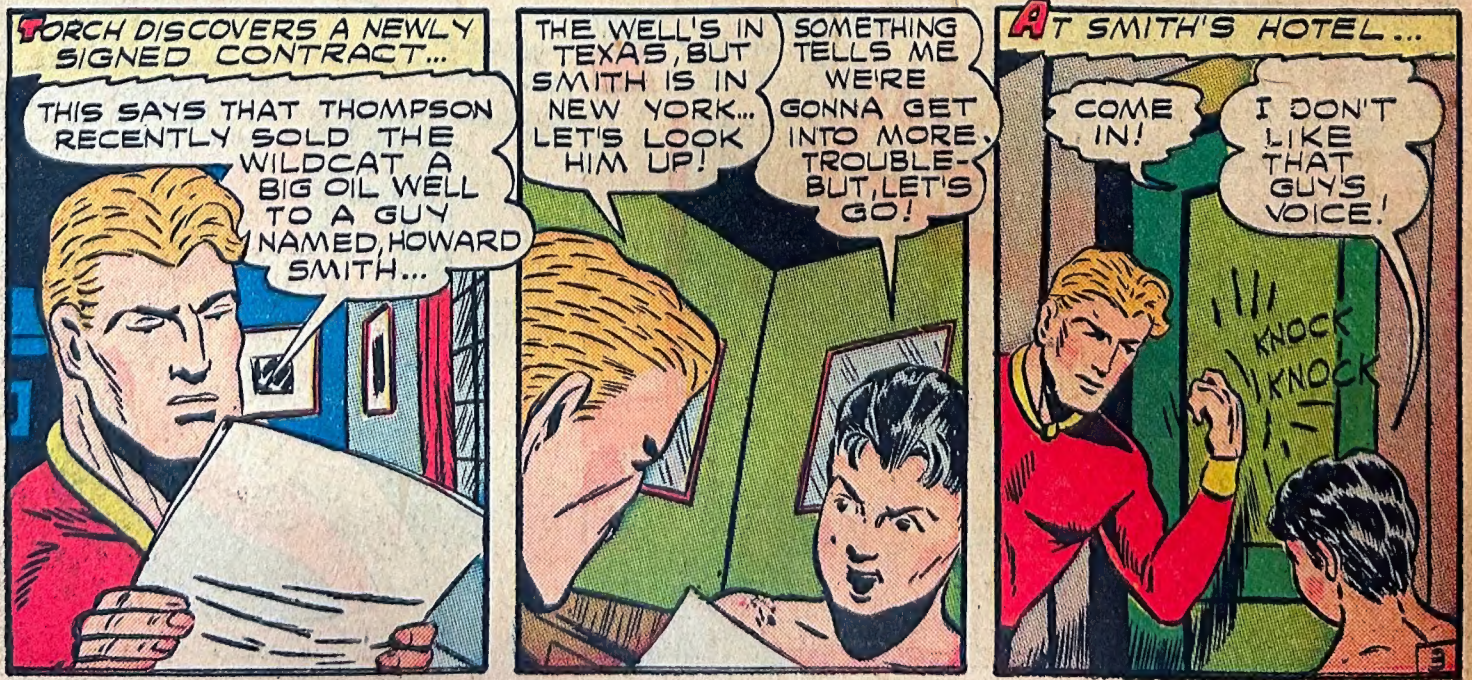
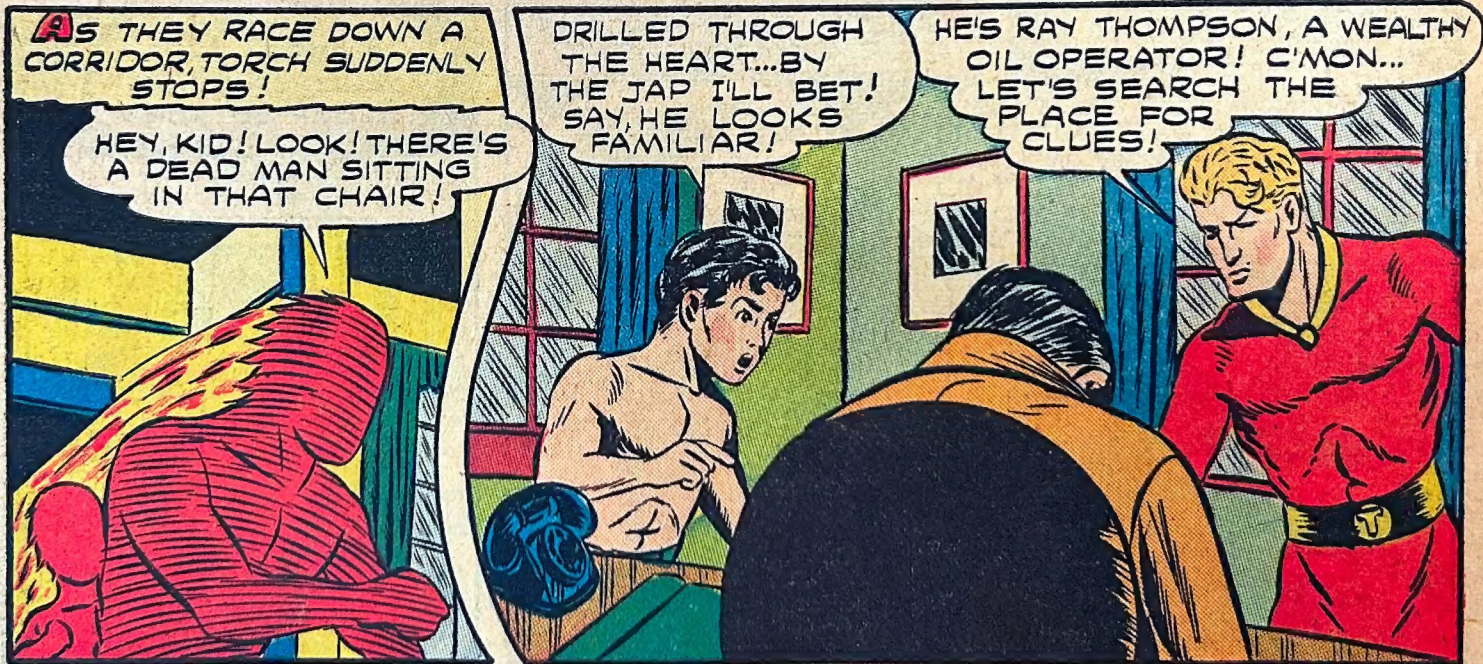
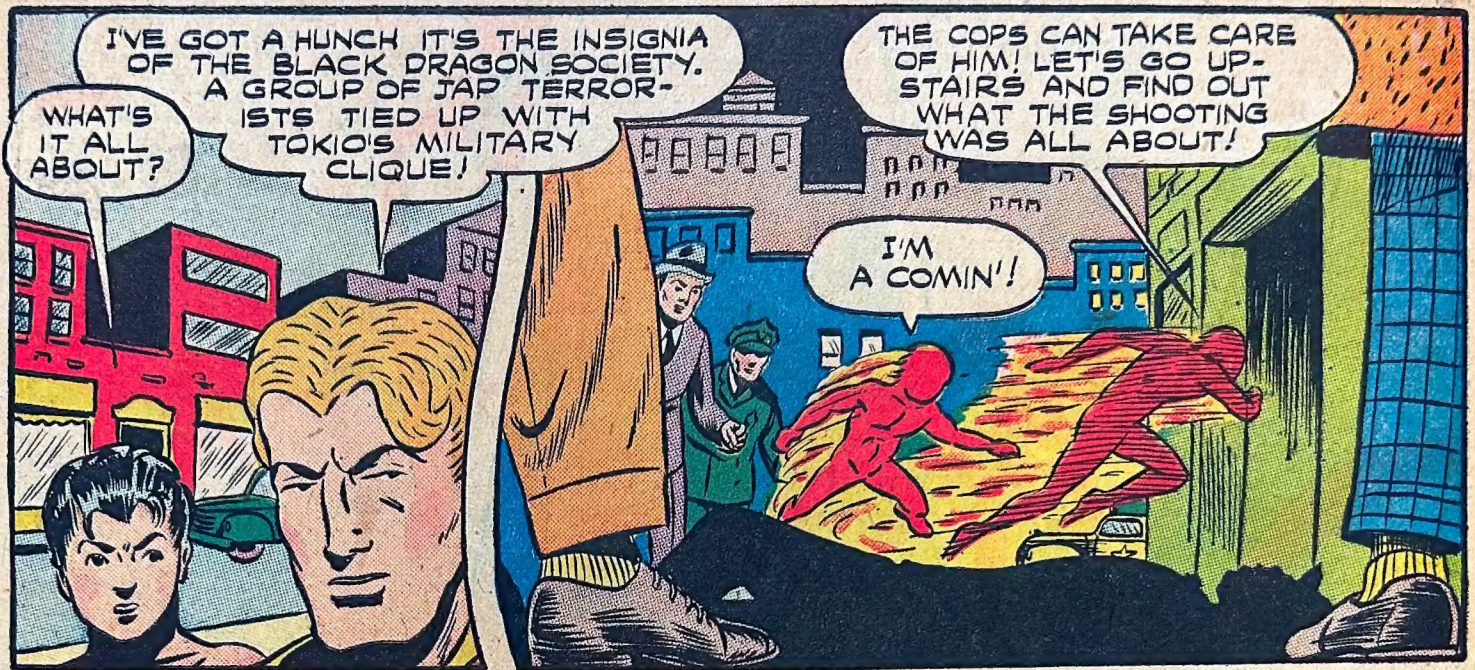


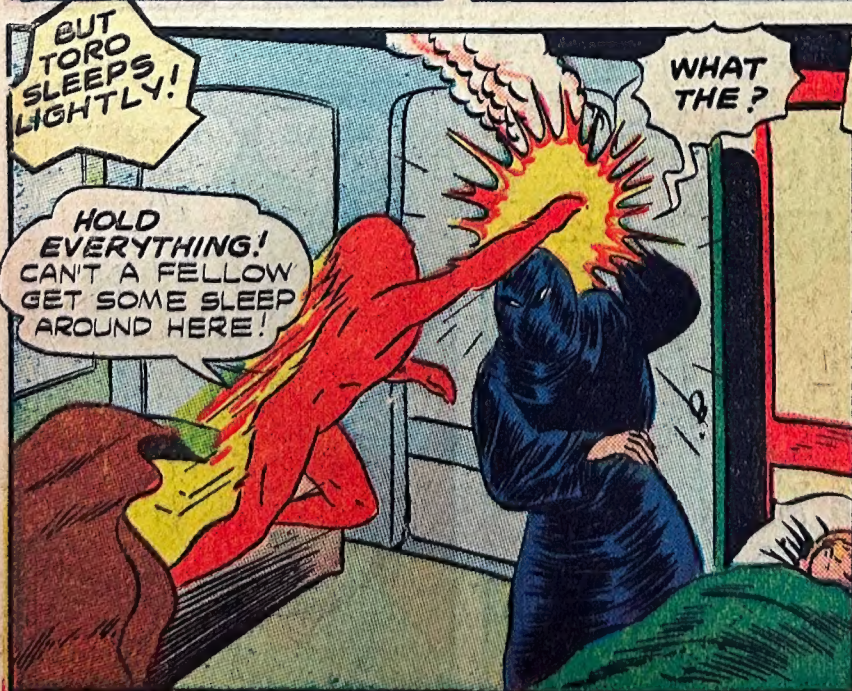
HE'S DEAD! SAY!
WHAT'S THAT ON
HIS SHIRT?



TORCH'S HAND DRAWS BACK
THE DEAD MAN'S COAT, RE-
VEALING A STRANGE IN-
SIGNIA...A BLACK DRAGON??









SO... YOUR COSTUME IS MADE OF ASBESTOS!

YES!



THE JAP BREAKS AWAY FROM THE TORCH!

BUT I REALLY DIDN'T NEED ASBESTOS! THIS GUN... IT DOUSES FLAME!



THE BLACK DRAGON LEADER RUSHES TO THE END OF THE CAR...

I THINK IT WILL BE WISE TO USE ANOTHER MODE OF TRANSPORTATION!



HE PROBABLY DASHED INTO THAT FOREST!

A BABE IN THE WOODS, EH?



USING THEIR GLOWING BODIES AS SEARCHLIGHTS, THEY COMB THE WOODS!

TEXAS, HERE WE COME!

ELUSIVE AS A SNAKE! HE GOT AWAY! WELL, LET'S CONTINUE TO TEXAS UNDER OUR OWN STEAM!



LATER...

WE'D BETTER KEEP OUR FLAMES DOWN OR WE'LL START A CONFLAGRATION!

THE OIL FIELDS AT LAST!



AND THERE'S THE WILDCAT! THINK I'LL LOOK FOR A JOB... YOU CAN POSE AS MY BROTHER, TORO!

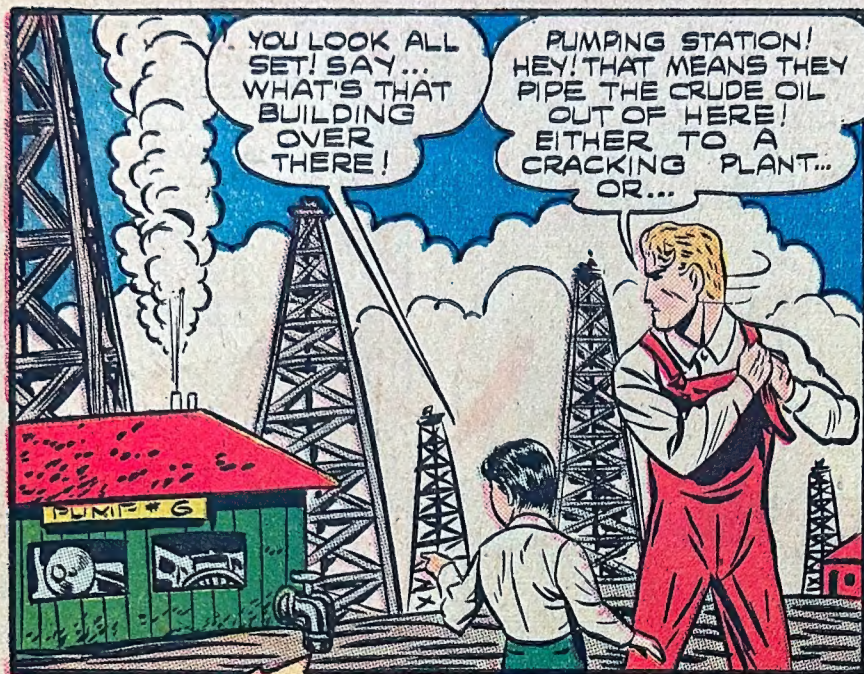
NAW! I'LL SAY YOUR MY GRANDPOP!



YEAH! WE KIN ALWAYS USE A STRONG GUY AROUND HERE! YOU KIN START WORK RIGHT AWAY!

THANKS, MISTER!

HOW ABOUT ME?



YOU LOOK ALL SET! SAY... WHAT'S THAT BUILDING OVER THERE!

PUMPING STATION! HEY! THAT MEANS THEY PIPE THE CRUDE OIL OUT OF HERE! EITHER TO A CRACKING PLANT... OR...



YOU TAKE A BREEZE AND COME BACK TONIGHT! AND THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THAT PIPE LINE RUNS TO!

TO TROUBLE, I BET! I'D LIKE TO HANG AROUND!



THAT NIGHT...

CIRCLE THE GROUND UNDER THE PUMPING STATION TILL WE FIND THE PIPE LINE!

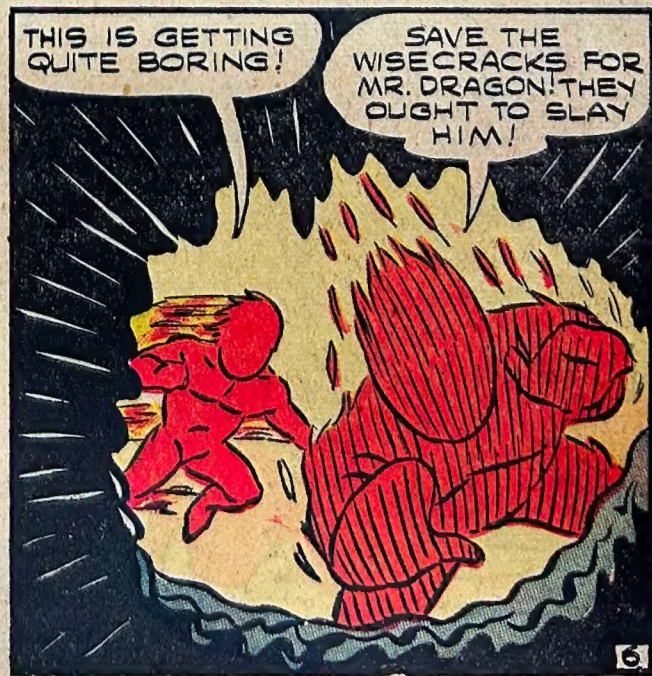
I CATCH... A PINCHER MOVEMENT!

LIKE FLAMING MOLES THEY BORE INTO THE EARTH

EUREKA! THE PIPE!



THIS PIPE HEADS SOUTH PROBABLY TOWARD THE GULF OF MEXICO!



THIS IS GETTING QUITE BORING!

SAVE THE WISECRACKS FOR MR. DRAGON! THEY OUGHT TO SLAY HIM!

MEANWHILE... NEAR A RELAY PUMPING STATION FURTHER SOUTH...

HURRY WITH THOSE LAND MINES!! IF OUR FLAMING FRIENDS COME, I DON'T WANT THEM TO MISS THE SURPRISE!

EASY NOW!

YOU BET! THESE THINGS ARE NASTY!



THE EYES OF THE BLACK DRAGON LEADER BLAZE AS HIS MINIONS SET THE MINES...

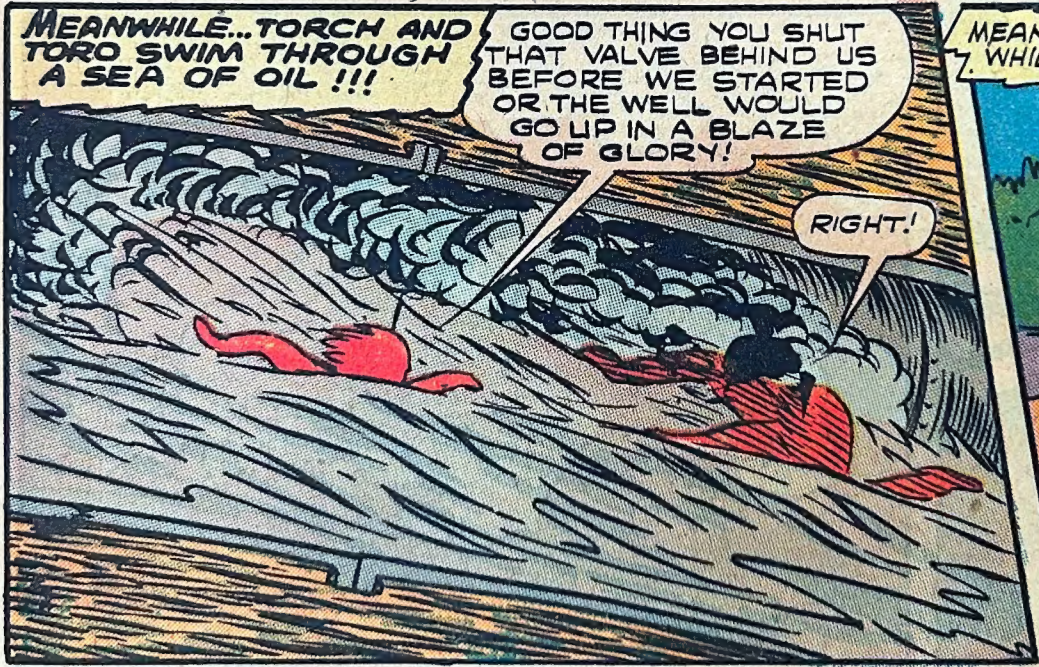
FROM SUBWAY TO AIRPLANE IN ONE LESSON!



MEANWHILE... TORCH AND TORO SWIM THROUGH A SEA OF OIL !!!

GOOD THING YOU SHUT THAT VALVE BEHIND US BEFORE WE STARTED OR THE WELL WOULD GO UP IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!

RIGHT!



MEAN- WHILE!

THERE! ALL IS IN READINESS

LET'S GO!

RIGHT!

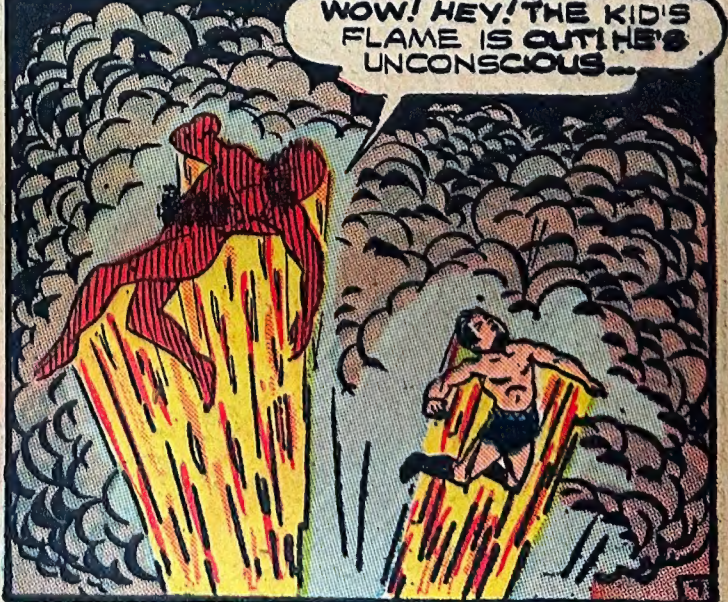


AS TORCH AND TORO PASS UNDER THE LAND MINES, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OCCURS!



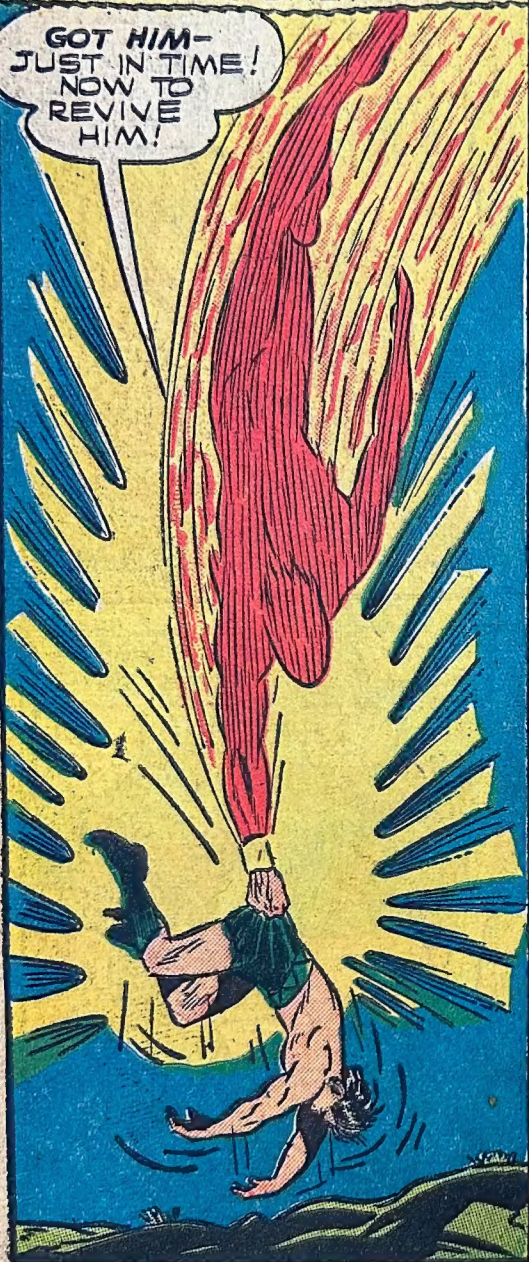
THE BLAST HURLS THEM SKY-HIGH!!!

WOW! HEY! THE KID'S FLAME IS OUT! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...



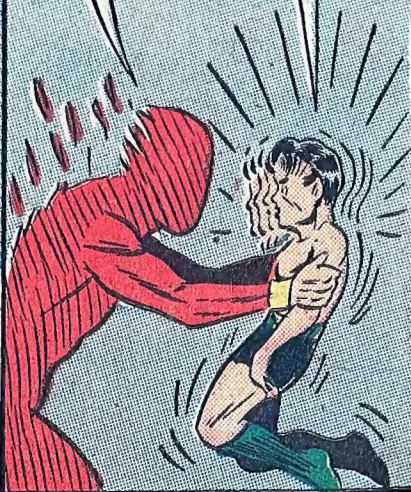
EXTINGUISHING THE FLAME OF HIS RIGHT HAND, TORCH GOES INTO A POWER DIVE!

GOT HIM—
JUST IN TIME!
NOW TO
REVIVE
HIM!



SHAKING HIM
MAY HELP!
AH, HE'S
COMING
AROUND!

HEY! WHAT
DO YOU THINK
I AM? A
MALTED
MILK?



SAY, THOSE JAPS ARE
RUNNING TOWARD
THAT RELAY
STATION!

GIVE ME A
CHANCE TO CRANK
MYSELF UP!



THIS FLAME-EXTINGUISHING
FLUID'LL HOLD THEM TILL WE
GET TO THE STATION—THEN...



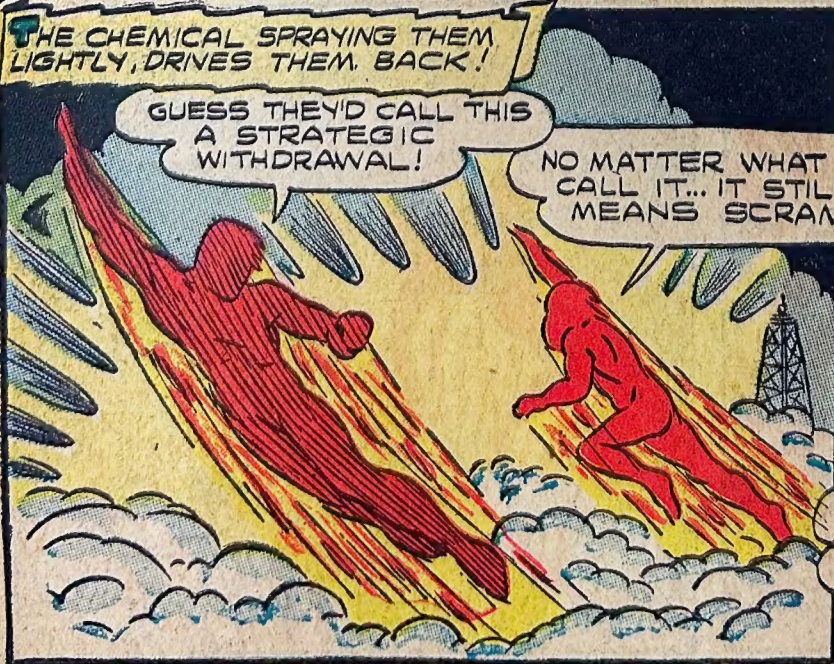
THOSE
FIRE
DEVILS!

WE WILL
STOP THEM.
HURRY!

THE CHEMICAL SPRAYING THEM
LIGHTLY, DRIVES THEM BACK!

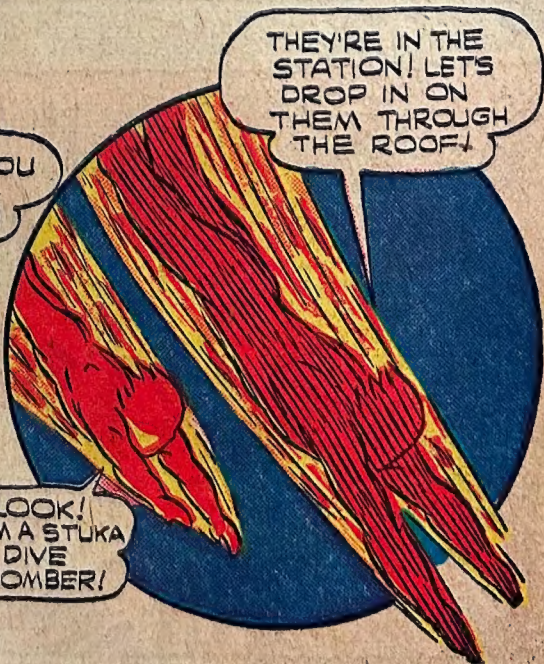
GUESS THEY'D CALL THIS
A STRATEGIC
WITHDRAWAL!

NO MATTER WHAT YOU
CALL IT... IT STILL
MEANS SCRAM!



THEY'RE IN THE
STATION! LET'S
DROP IN ON
THEM THROUGH
THE ROOF!

LOOK!
I'M A STUKA
DIVE
BOMBER!



BUT SUDDENLY, FROM THE CHIMNEY AND WINDOWS OF THE STATION FOUR STREAMS OF FIRE EXTINGUISHING FLUID!

YEOW! I'M FALLING!

SWING AWAY! YOU CAN FLAME AGAIN BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND!

HEH! HEH! THAT GIVES US TIME FOR OUR GETAWAY!

DROPPING OUT OF THE PATH OF THE CHEMICAL, TORCH AND TORO FLAME JUST IN TIME!

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

THE BLACK DRAGONS DON UNDERWATER HELMETS!

THESE WILL DO FOR OIL TOO! NOW TO ENTER THE PIPE!

THEY ENTER THE BIG PIPE!

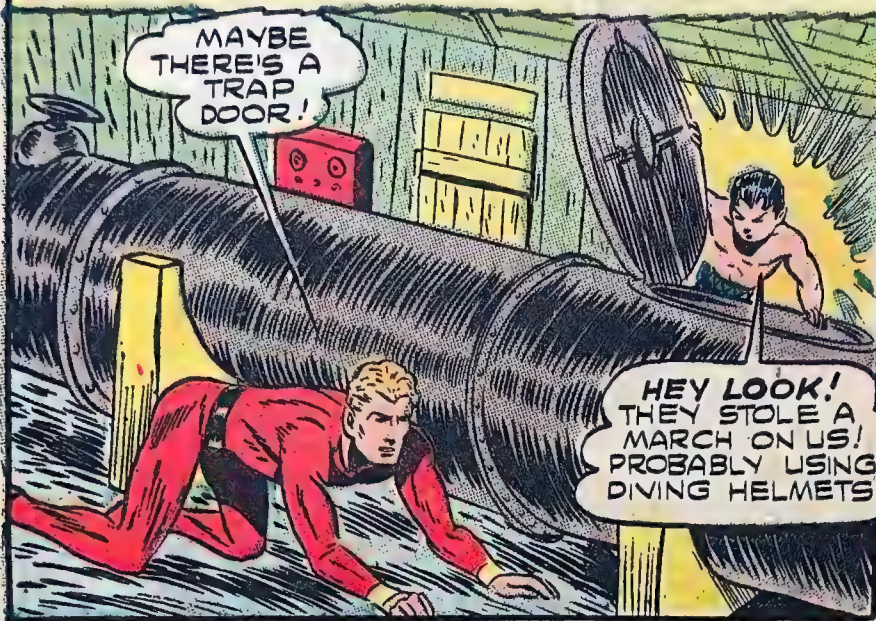
HURRY!

YES-MASTER!

THE CHEMICAL PUMP HAS STOPPED WORKING— BUT OUR FRIENDS HAVE GONE... HOW?

YOU GOT ME, PAL! I DON'T KNOW!

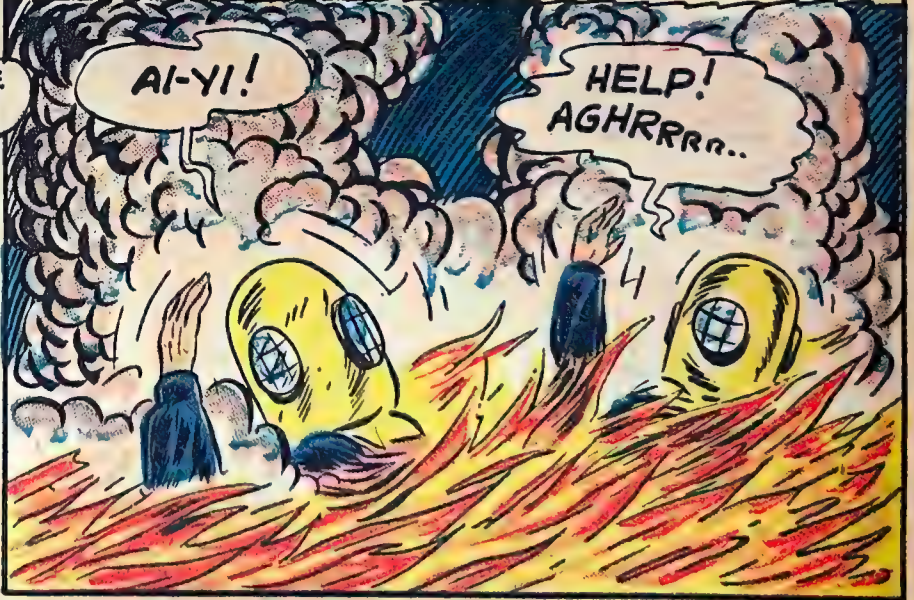
MINUTES PASS AS TORCH AND TORO SEARCH THE STATION...



SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF HIS COMPANIONS, MICKA LEAVES THEM TO THEIR FATE BY CLOSING A BIG VALVE!

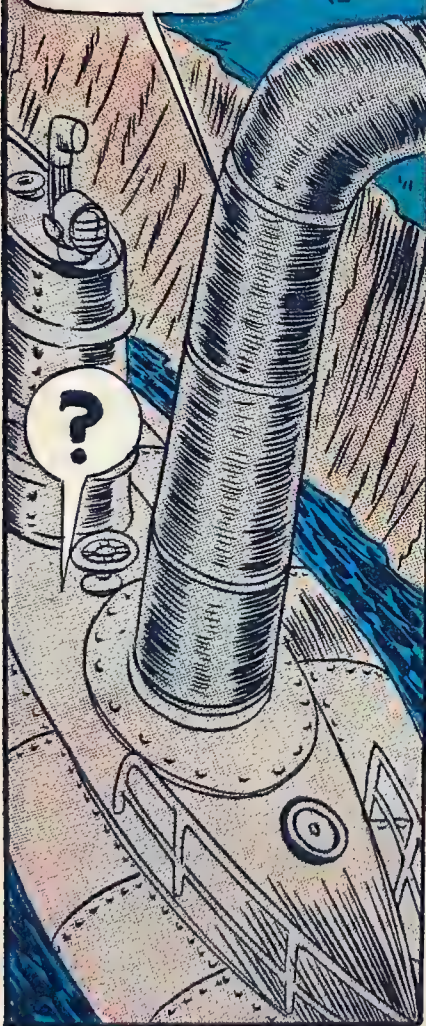


DESERTED BY THEIR LEADER, THE TWO DRAGON MEN ARE TRAPPED BY THE FLAME FROM TORCH AND TORO!



THE PIPE LINE LEADS TO
A HUGE CARGO SUBMAR-
INE MOORED IN THE
GULF OF MEXICO!

CAPTAIN!
IT'S I, LEADER
OF THE BLACK
DRAGONS! CRASH
DIVE AS SOON AS
I LAND IN YOUR
OIL TANK!

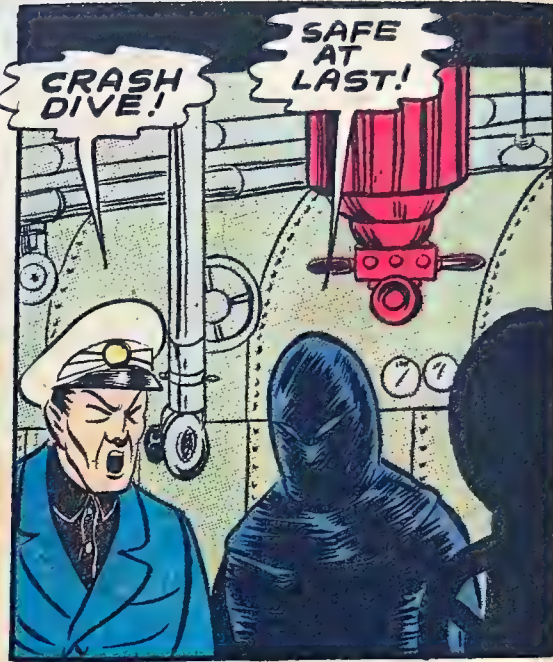


JUST MADE IT!
NOW TO SHUT
THE TANK!



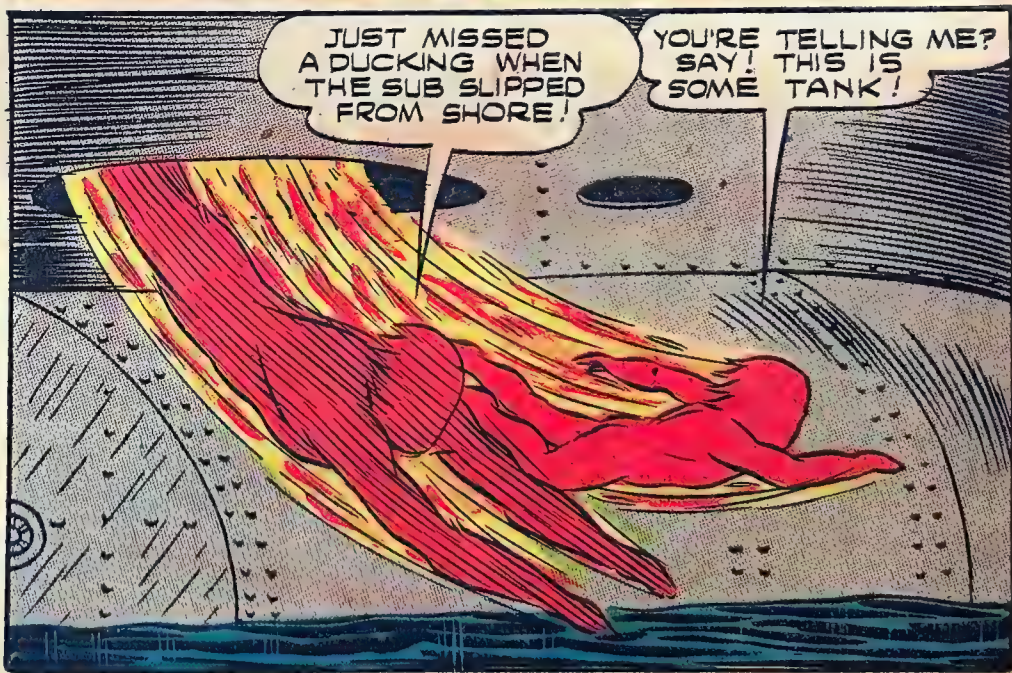
CRASH
DIVE!

SAFE
AT
LAST!

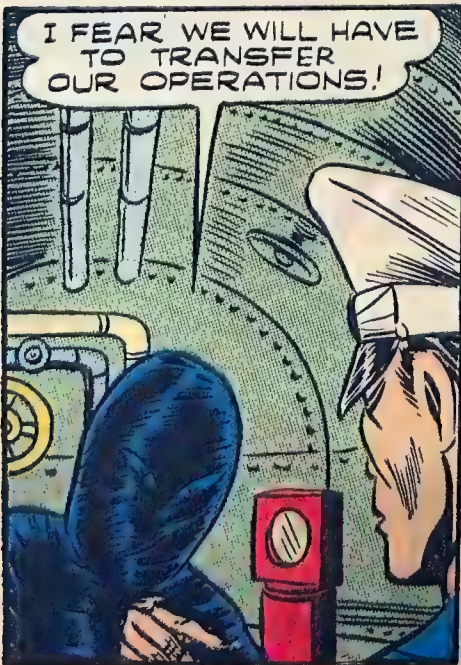


JUST MISSED
A DUCKING WHEN
THE SUB SLIPPED
FROM SHORE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME?
SAY! THIS IS
SOME TANK!

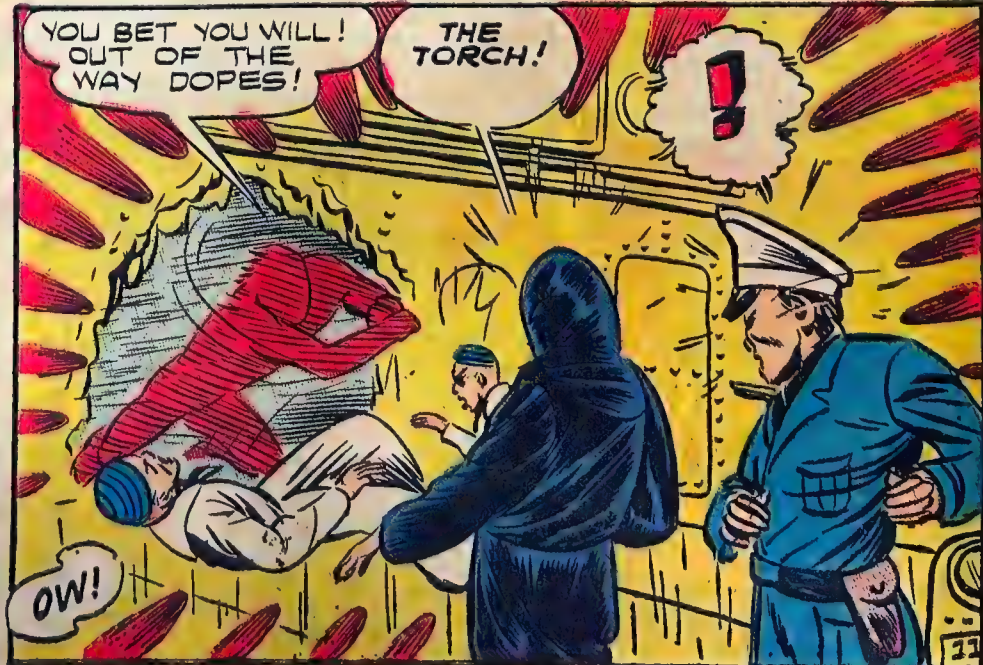


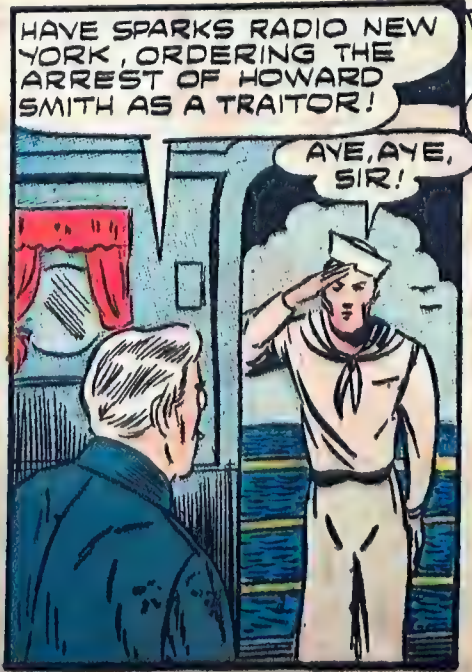
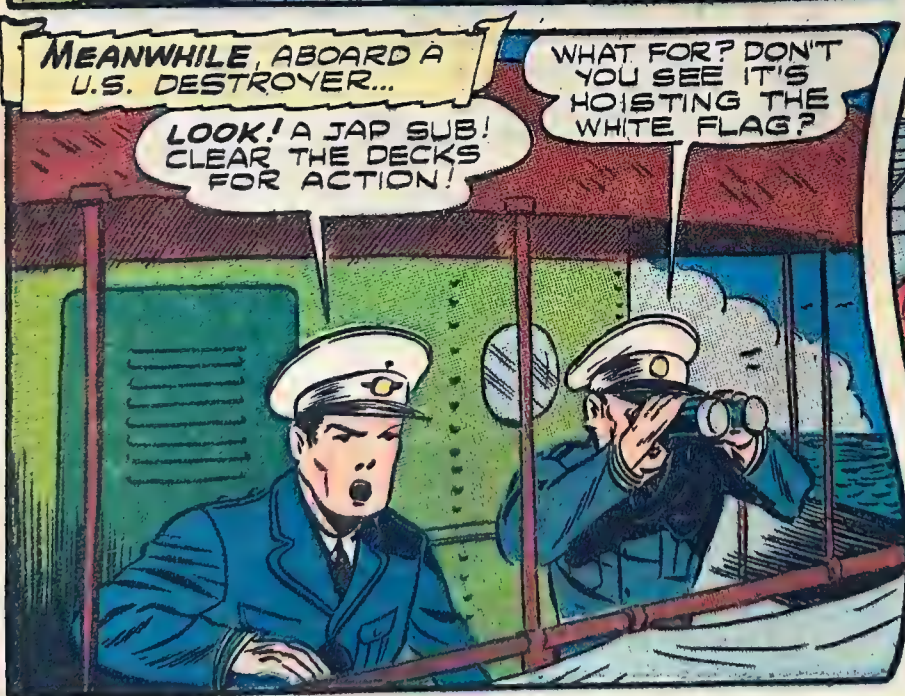
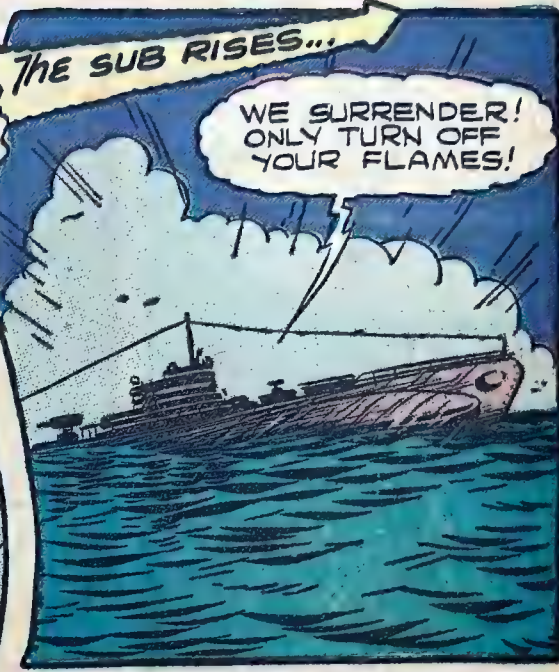
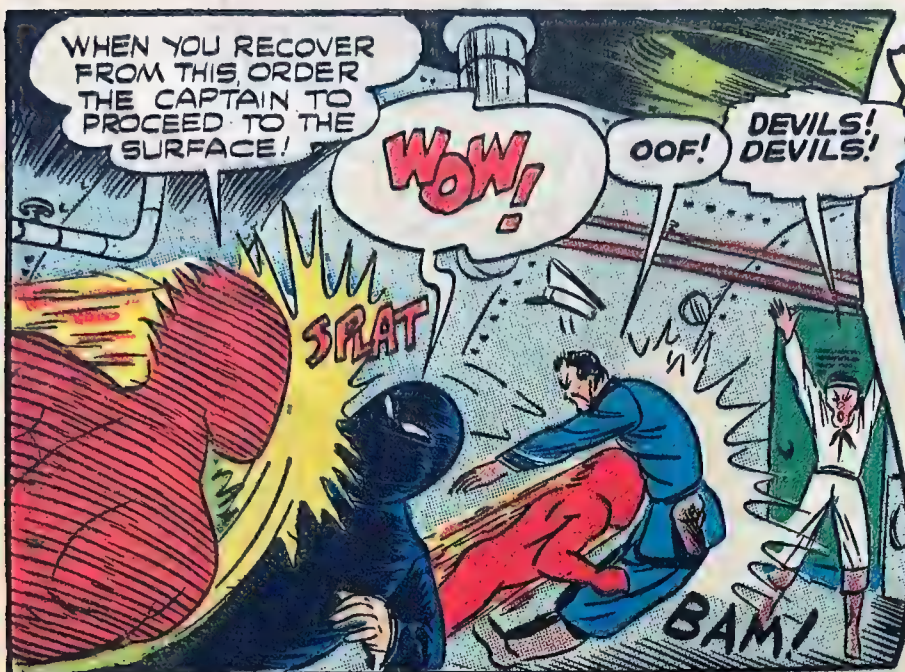
I FEAR WE WILL HAVE
TO TRANSFER
OUR OPERATIONS!



YOU BET YOU WILL!
OUT OF THE
WAY DOPES!

THE
TORCH!





ART & EDITORIAL
by
AL AVISON
and S.T. ANLEY

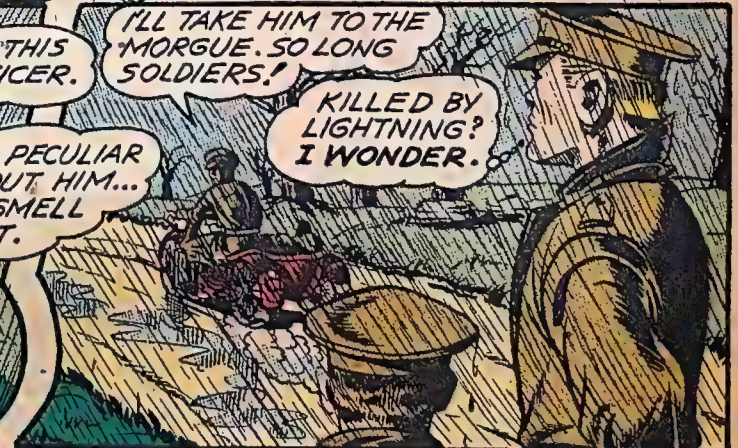
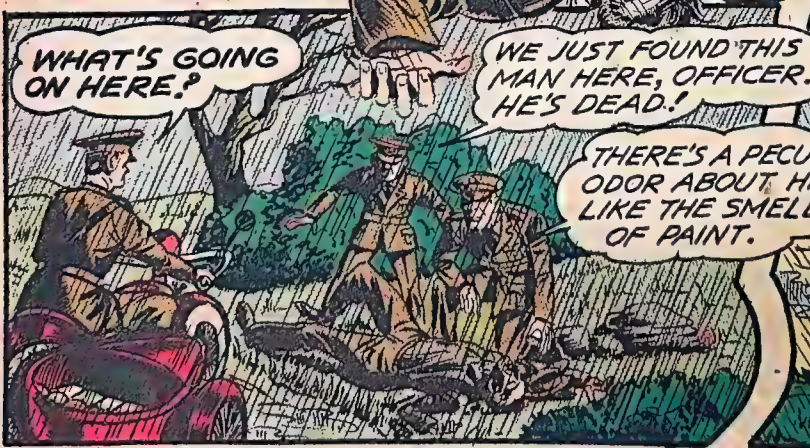
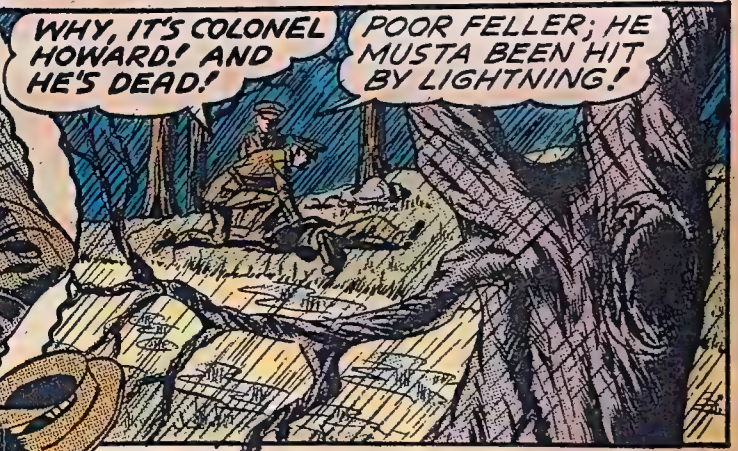
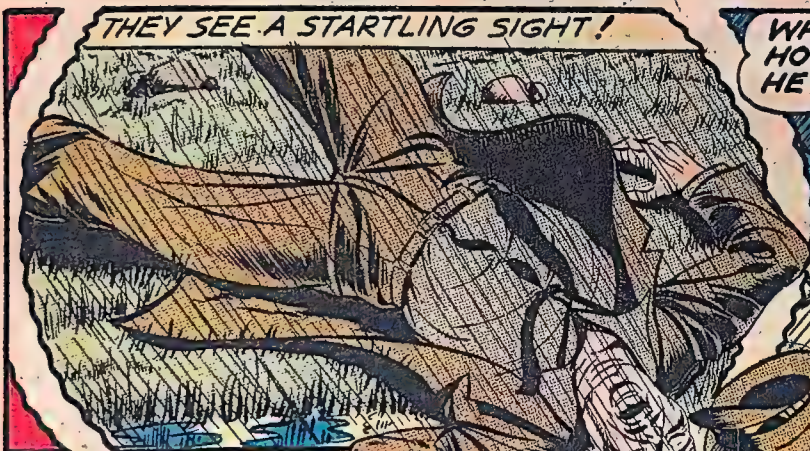
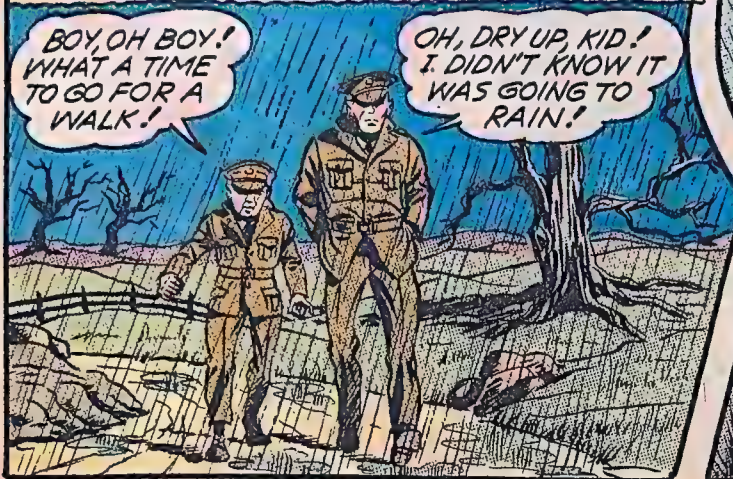
GET HIM,
CAP!

The
CANVAS
OF DOOM!

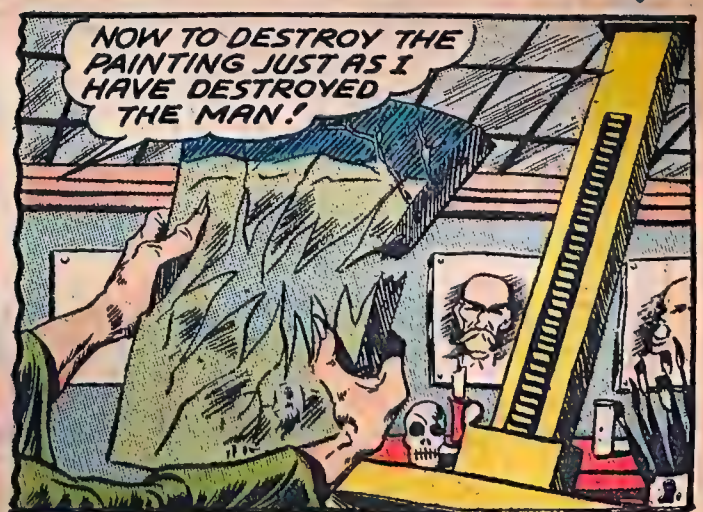
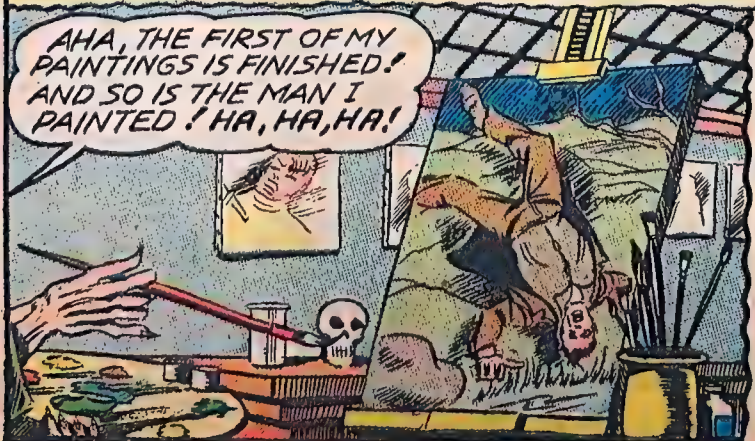
EACH STROKE OF HIS BRUSH MEANT DEATH!
EACH PICTURE HE PAINTED WAS A HIDEOUS
PORTRAIT OF DESTRUCTION. BUT WHEN
THE MAD ARTIST USED CAPTAIN AMERICA
FOR A MODEL, HE BEGAN HIS OWN CANVAS
OF DOOM.

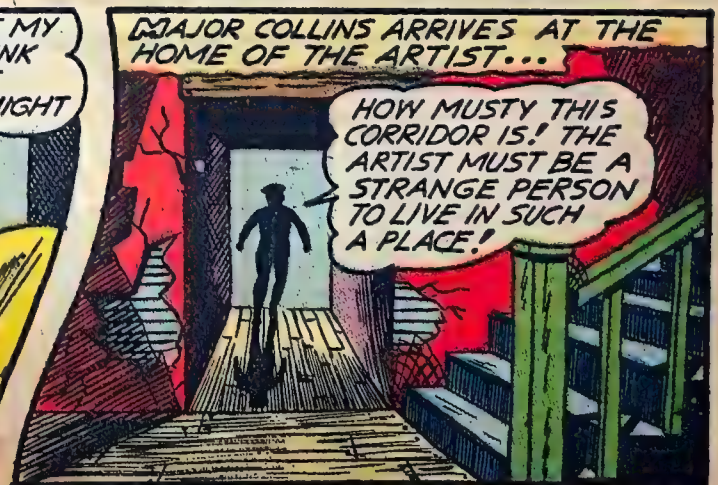
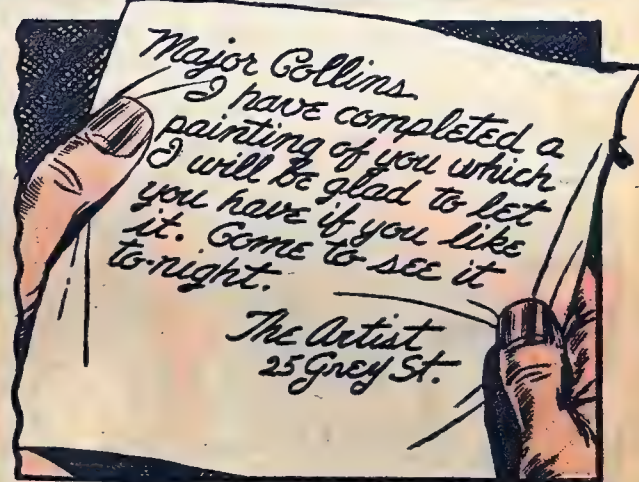
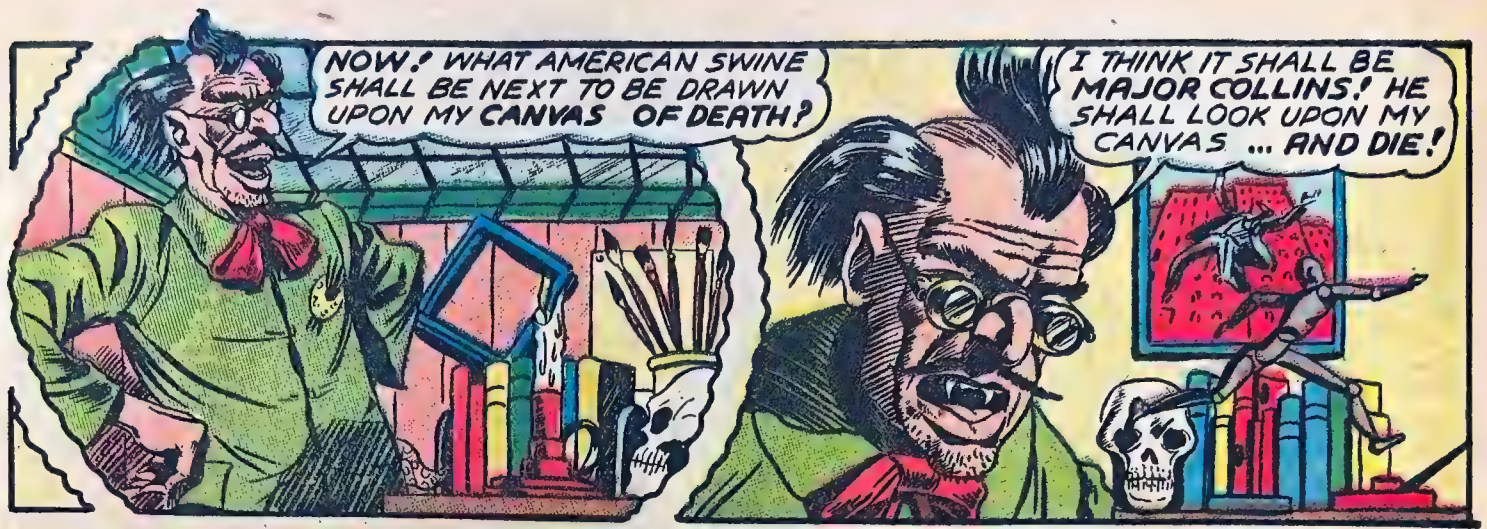
CAPTAIN AMERICA

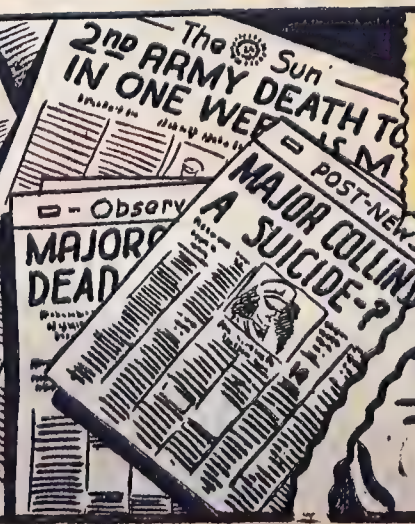
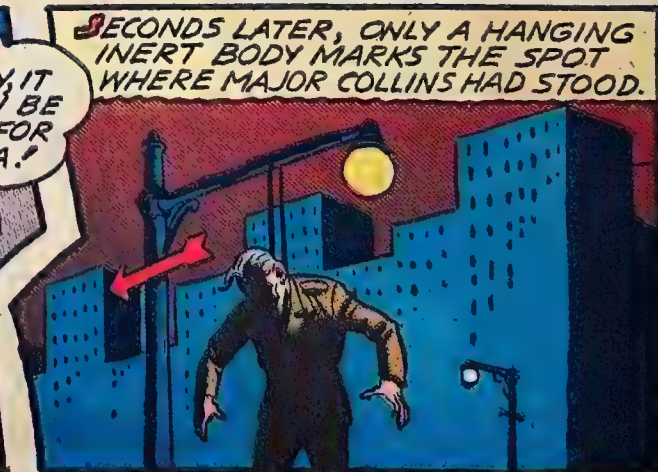
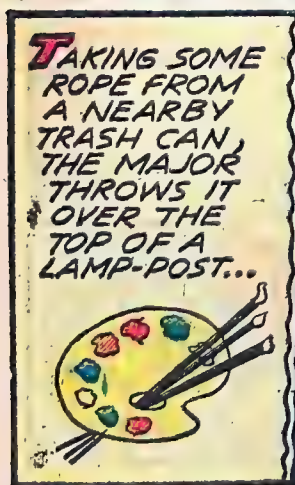
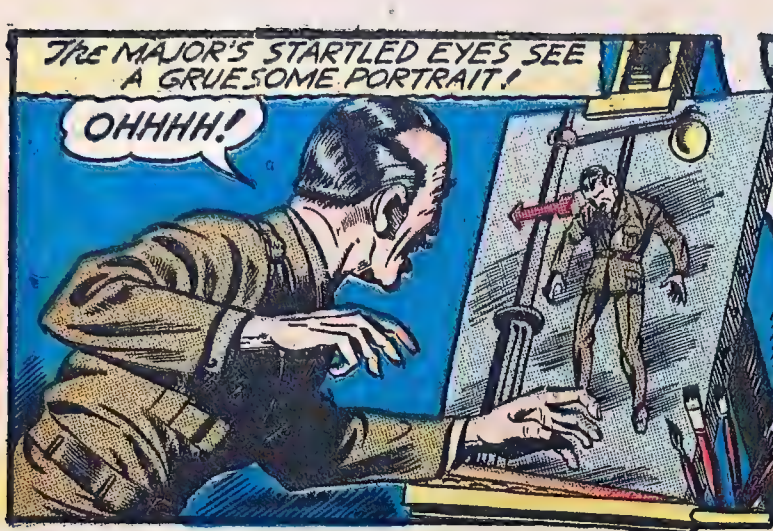
AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND TWO VERY "WET" HIKERS NEARING U.S. ARMY CAMP LEHIGH...

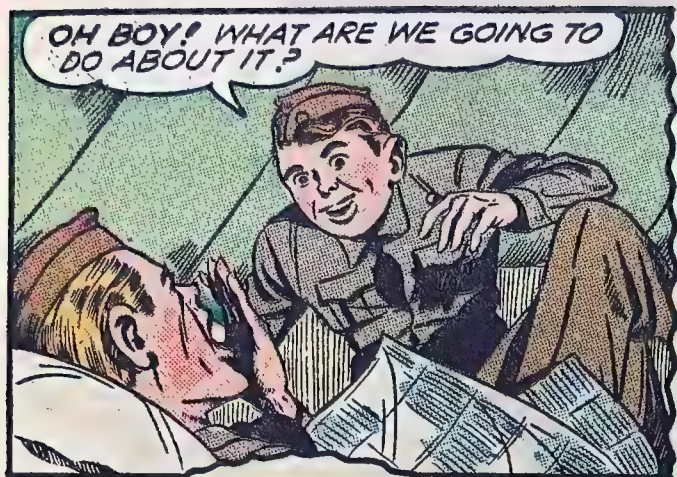


BUT LET US TURN NOW TO A DIMLY-LIT ATTIC ROOM IN A NEAR-BY CITY, WHERE WE FIND...



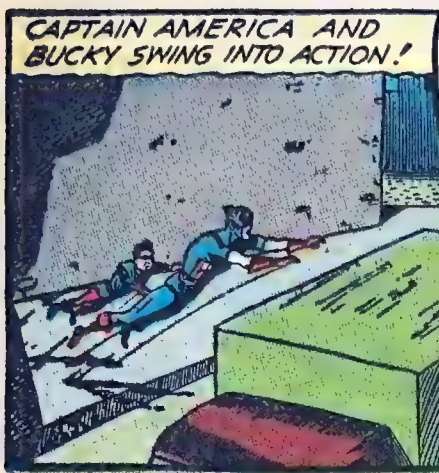






That Night...
MINGLING WITH THE INKY BLACKNESS LIKE TWO CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, TWO MIGHTY CRIME-FIGHTERS RACE EAGERLY TO MATCH WITS AND STRENGTH WITH A DREADFUL NEW MENACE!

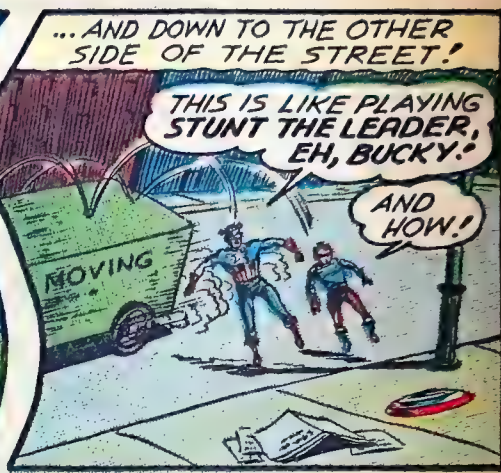




CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SWING INTO ACTION!



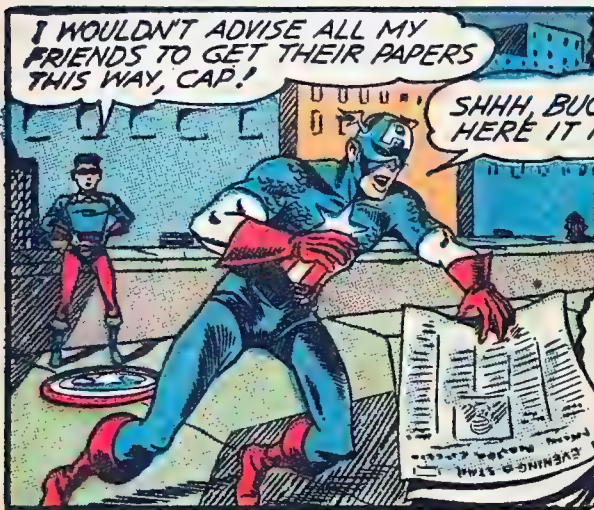
... OVER THEY GO...



... AND DOWN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET!

THIS IS LIKE PLAYING STUNT THE LEADER, EH, BUCKY!

AND HOW!



I WOULDN'T ADVISE ALL MY FRIENDS TO GET THEIR PAPERS THIS WAY, CAP!

SHHH, BUCKY! HERE IT IS!

EAGERLY SCANNING THE PAPER, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ANXIOUS EYES HALT BEFORE ONE ARTICLE...

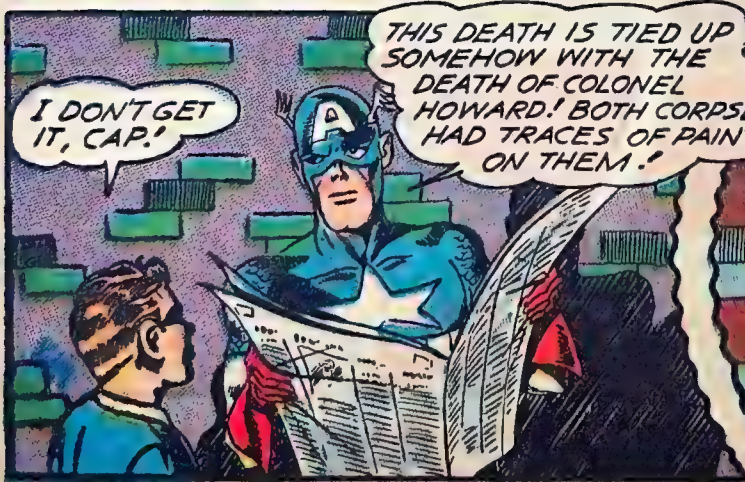
... was found hanging from a lamppost on Stacy Street! One peculiar fact about the victim was the presence of paint stains upon his body!

LOOK, BUCKY! READ THIS!

ANNOUNCEMENT!

YOUNG ALLIES COMICS #2 SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

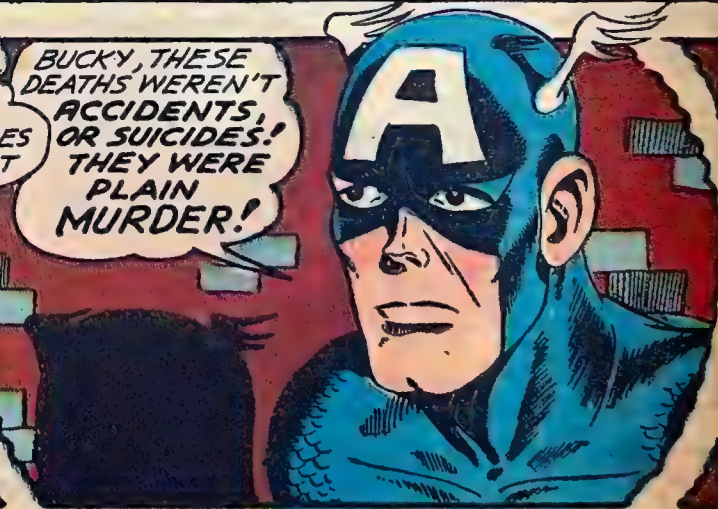
More young Americans are reading this new, different, book-length comic magazine which features Bucky and Toro and many other characters known to



I DON'T GET IT, CAP!

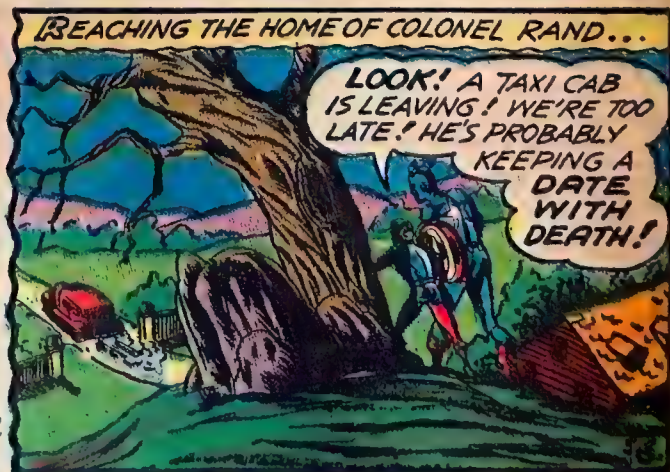
THIS DEATH IS TIED UP SOMEHOW WITH THE DEATH OF COLONEL HOWARD! BOTH CORPSES HAD TRACES OF PAINT ON THEM!

BUCKY, THESE DEATHS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS, OR SUICIDES! THEY WERE PLAIN MURDER!



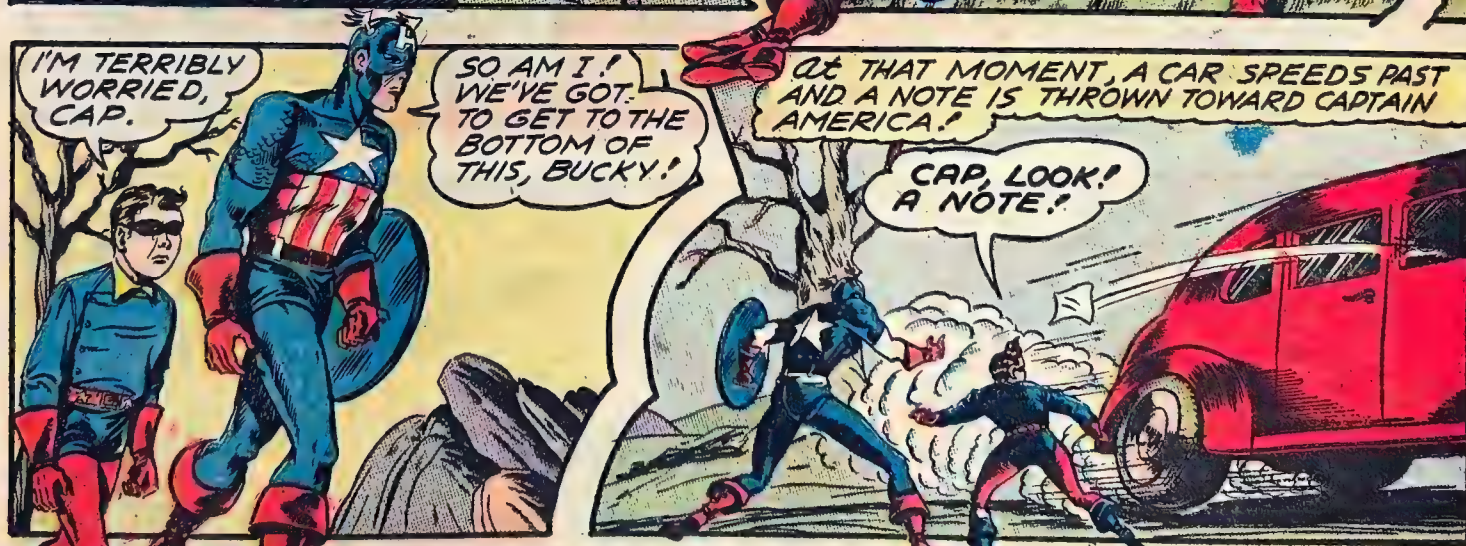
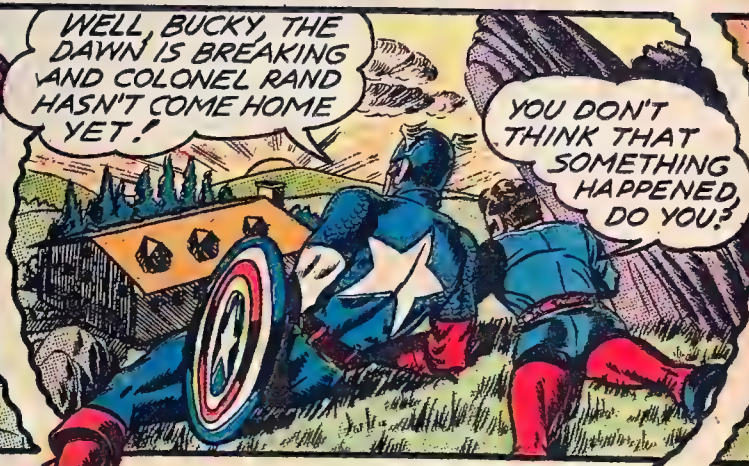
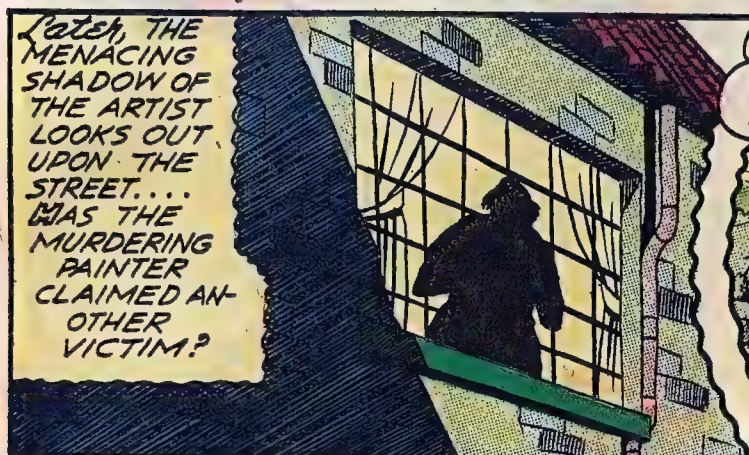
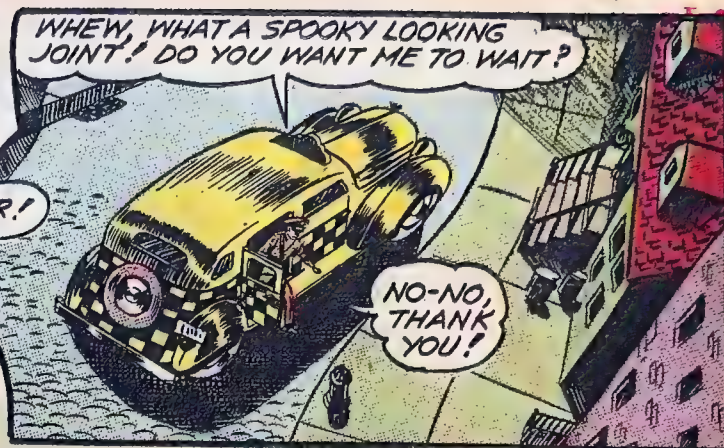
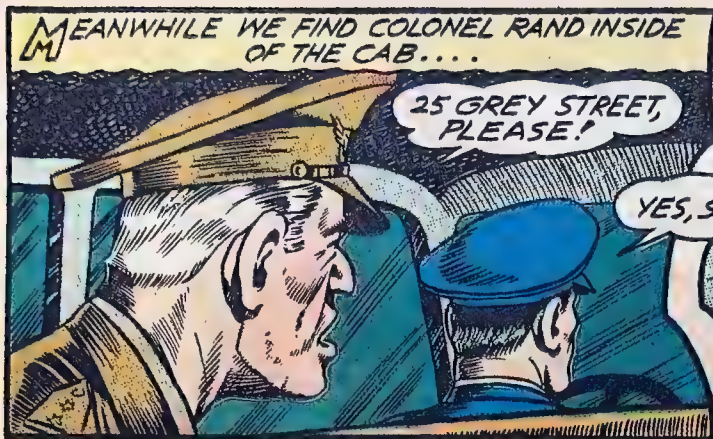
WHERE TO NOW, CAP!

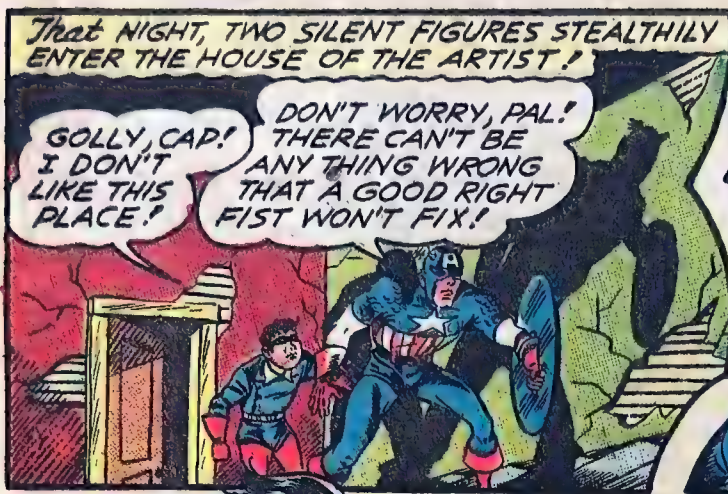
COLONEL HOWARD, COLLINS, AND COLONEL RAND WERE ALL GIVEN IMPORTANT DEFENSE POSITIONS. HOWARD AND COLLINS WERE KILLED.... RAND MAY BE NEXT!



REACHING THE HOME OF COLONEL RAND...

LOOK! A TAXI CAB IS LEAVING! WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S PROBABLY KEEPING A DATE WITH DEATH!

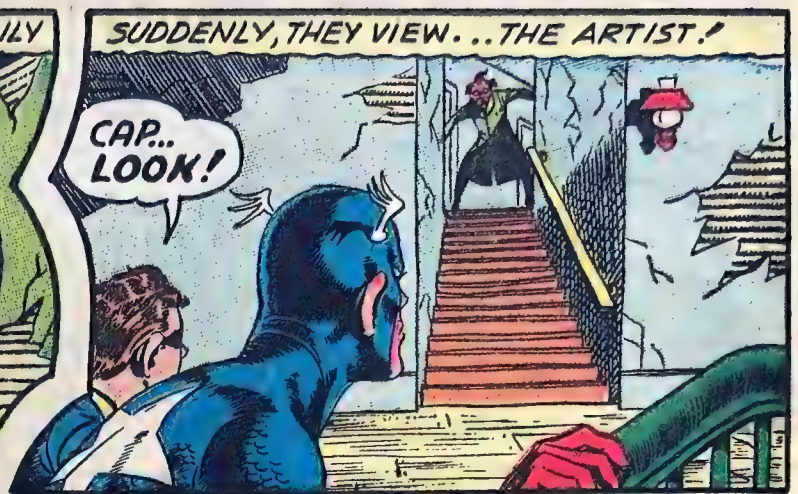




That NIGHT, TWO SILENT FIGURES STEALTHILY ENTER THE HOUSE OF THE ARTIST!

GOLLY, CAP!
I DON'T
LIKE THIS
PLACE!

DON'T WORRY, PAL!
THERE CAN'T BE
ANY THING WRONG
THAT A GOOD RIGHT
FIST WON'T FIX!



CAP...
LOOK!

SUDDENLY, THEY VIEW...THE ARTIST!



HA, I SEE YOU HAVE
ARRIVED, MY FRIENDS!
COME UP! COME UP!

IN YOUR NOTE YOU
SAID YOU'D TELL US
WHAT HAPPENED TO
COLONEL RAND. WELL,
START TALKIN', BUD!

HAVE PATIENCE,
CAPTAIN!
FIRST I HAVE
A PAINTING
TO SHOW YOU!



I DIDN'T COME HERE TO
LOOK AT PAINTINGS!

AH, BUT THIS IS
A 'PICTURE OF
YOURSELF!



OF MYSELF!

YES, BEHOLD, MY
LATEST PORTRAIT!



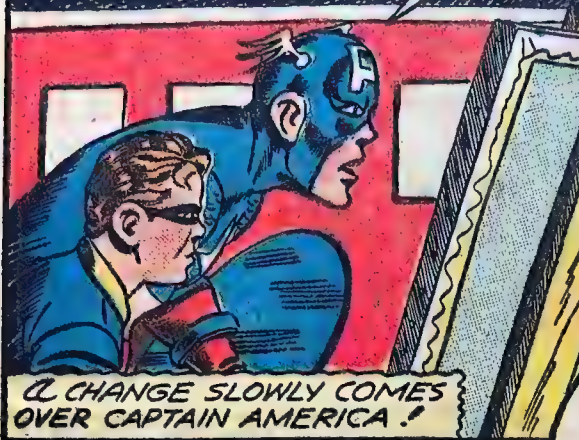
THE PAINTING
IS REVEALED!



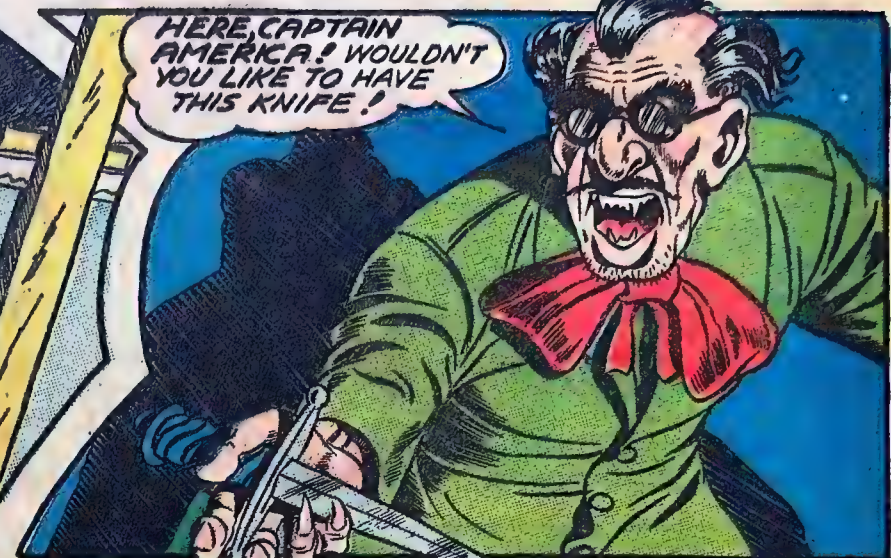
WHY, ONLY A MADMAN
WOULD DO THAT!
I'VE A GOOD
MIND TO...

CONTROL
YOURSELF,
CAPTAIN!

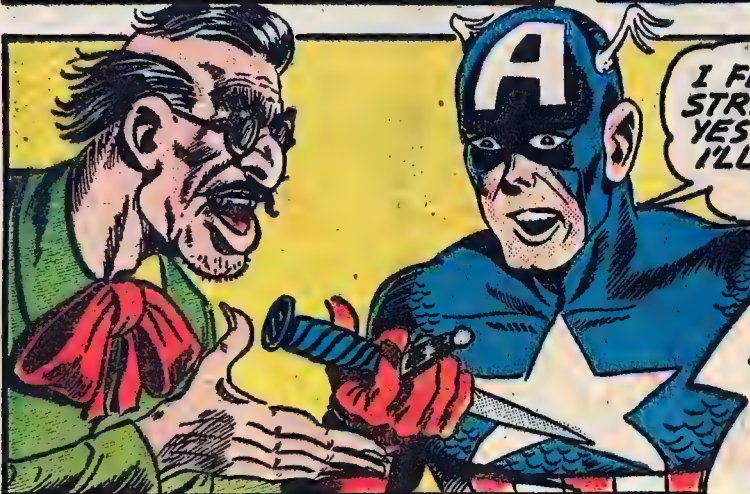
BUT THEN IT ISN'T A VERY BAD PORTRAIT! IN FACT, I THINK IT'S VERY WELL PAINTED. YES INDEED!



CL CHANGE SLOWLY COMES OVER CAPTAIN AMERICA!



HERE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE THIS KNIFE!

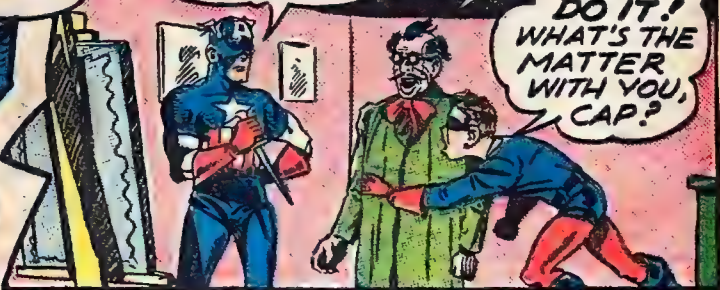


I FEEL SO STRANGE! YES, I'LL... I'LL TAKE IT!

IN THE PICTURE, I STABBED MYSELF WITH THE KNIFE. WHY DON'T I DO IT NOW?

HA, HA, YES... CAPTAIN WHY NOT?

CAP, CAP! DON'T DO IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CAP?



CAP, DON'T!



YOU MUST NOT STOP ME. NOTHING MUST STOP ME!

OWW!

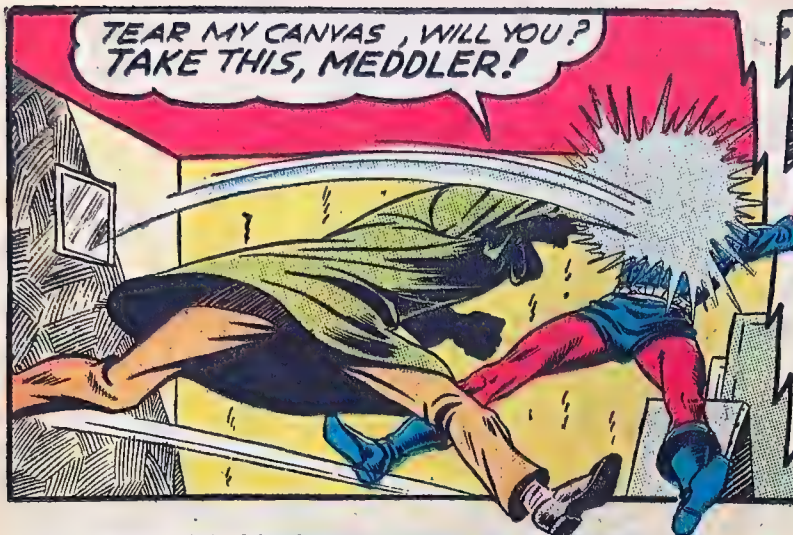
HURLED AWAY BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE BOY SENTINEL FALLS AGAINST THE CANVAS, TEARING IT!



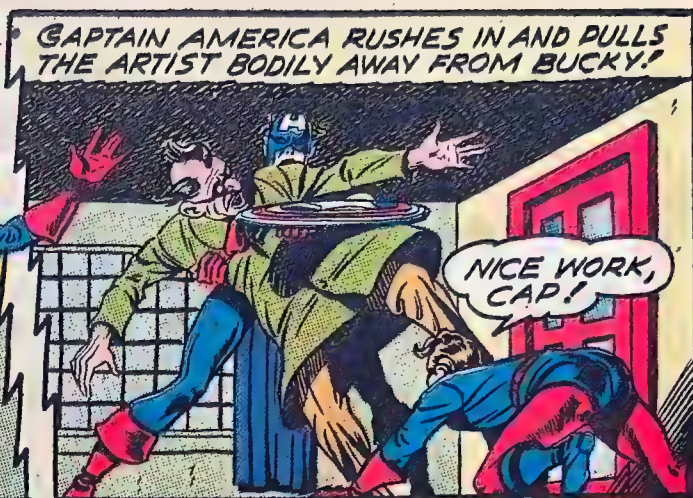
AS THE PORTRAIT IS TORN, CAPTAIN AMERICA SEEMS TO WAKEN AS FROM A TRANCE!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT AM I DOING WITH THIS KNIFE?



TEAR MY CANVAS, WILL YOU?
TAKE THIS, MEDDLER!

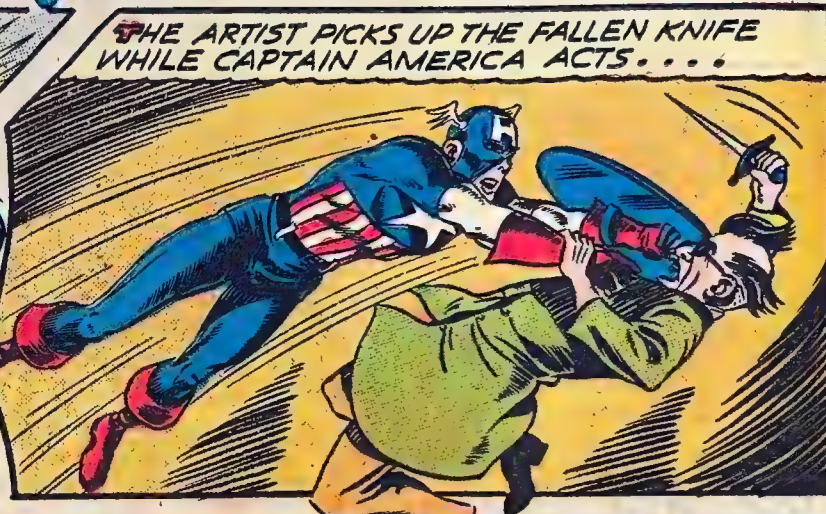


CAPTAIN AMERICA RUSHES IN AND PULLS
THE ARTIST BODILY AWAY FROM BUCKY!

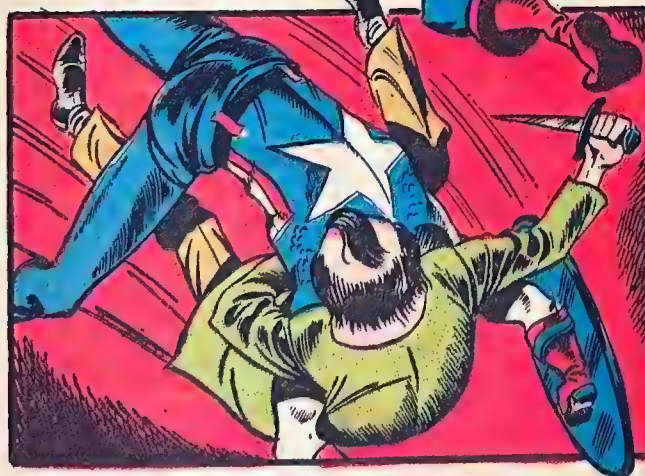
NICE WORK,
CAP!



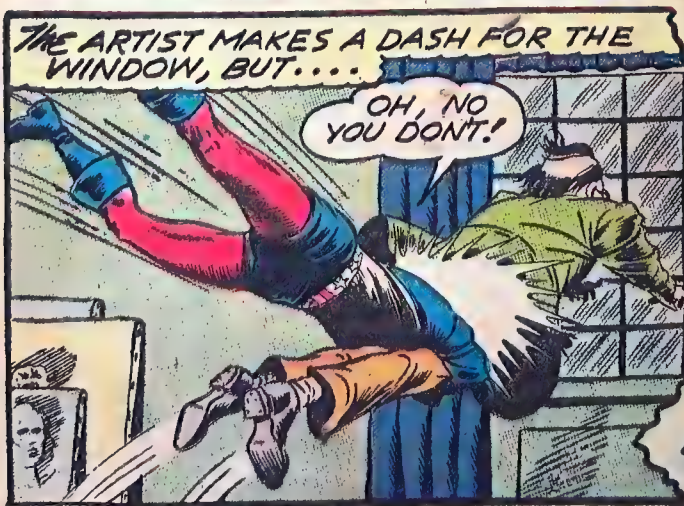
I'LL GET YOU
THIS TIME,
CAPTAIN
AMERICA!



THE ARTIST PICKS UP THE FALLEN KNIFE
WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA ACTS . . .



HOLD
YOUR
BREATH
AS
CAPTAIN
AMERICA
AND
BUCKY
UNDER-
TAKE
THEIR
MOST
DANGER-
OUS
BATTLE!



THE ARTIST MAKES A DASH FOR THE
WINDOW, BUT . . .

OH, NO
YOU DON'T!

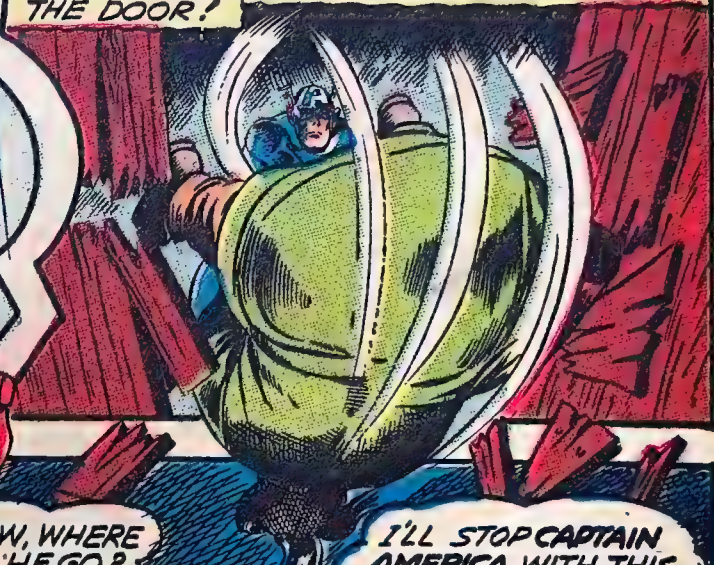


BUCKY DOWNS HIM IN HIS TRACKS, RIPPING
THE CURTAIN FROM THE WALL!

TANGLING BUCKY UP IN THE FALLEN DRAPE, THE ARTIST LEAPS AT CAPTAIN AMERICA.



CAPTAIN AMERICA GIVES HIS FOE A TERRIFIC RIGHT, SENDING HIM SPRAWLING THRU THE DOOR!



BUT THE MAD PORTRAYER OF EVIL CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE DARK AS CAPTAIN AMERICA RUSHES AFTER HIM!

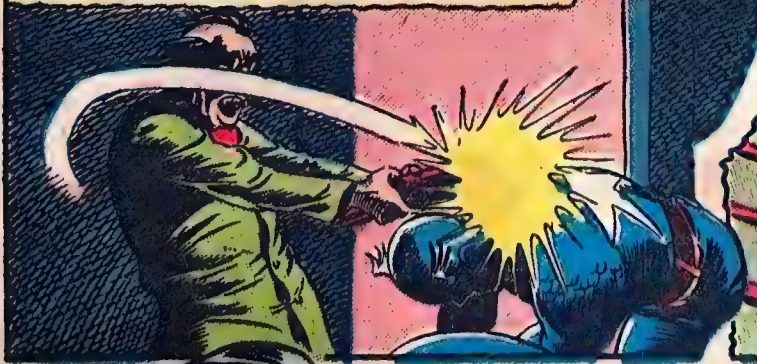


NOW, WHERE DID HE GO?

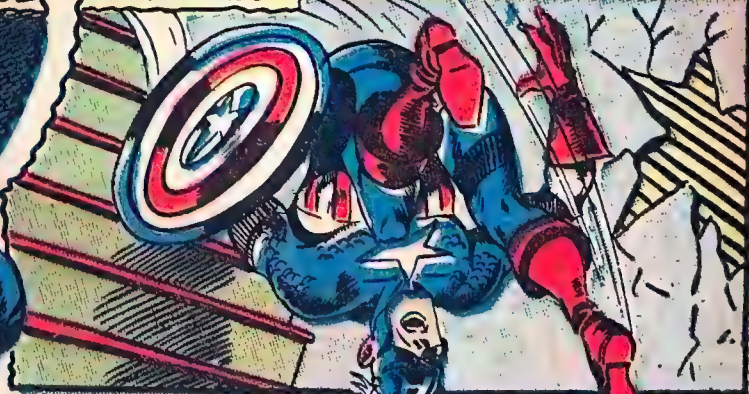
I'LL STOP CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH THIS CLUB, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



WARNED BY HIS SIXTH SENSE IN THE NICK OF TIME, CAPTAIN AMERICA TURNS AND THE CLUB ONLY GRAZES HIS SHOULDER...

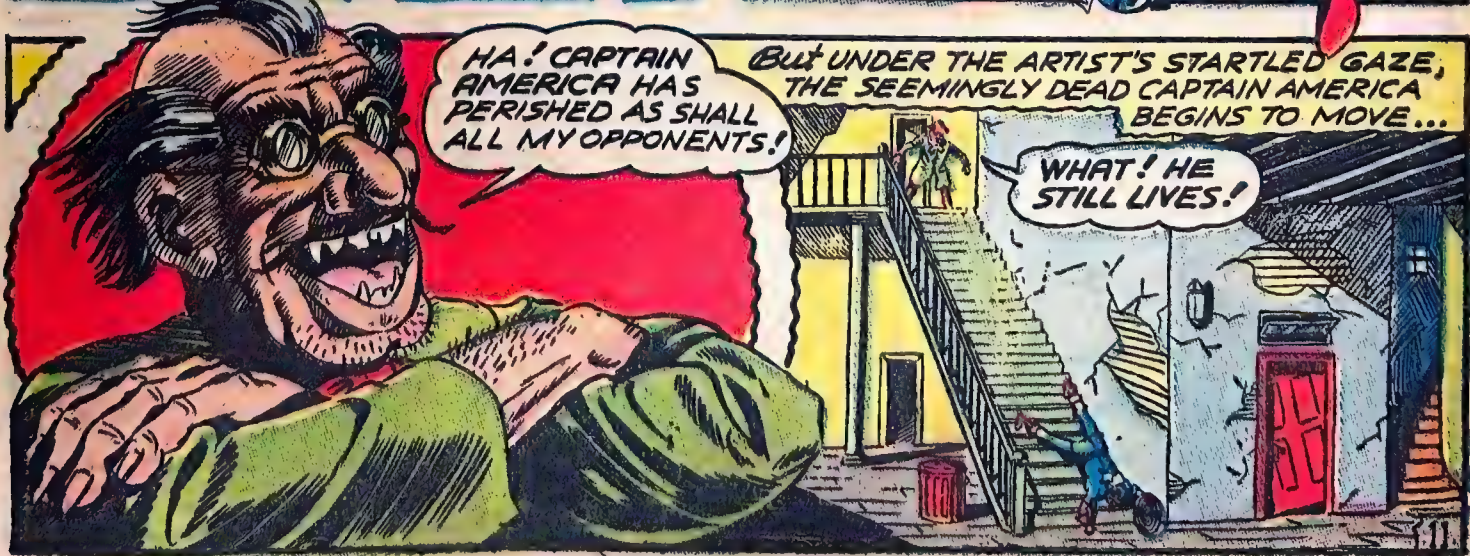


...KNOCKING HIM CRAZILY DOWN THE STAIRWAY.



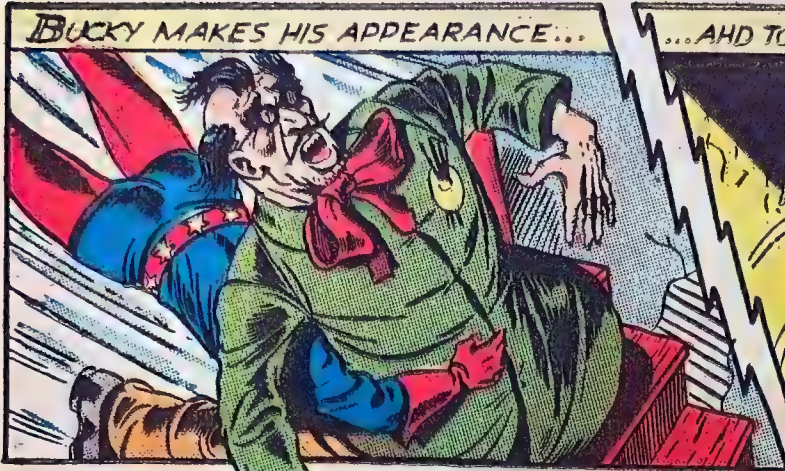
HA! CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS PERISHED AS SHALL ALL MY OPPONENTS!

BUT UNDER THE ARTIST'S STARTLED GAZE, THE SEEMINGLY DEAD CAPTAIN AMERICA BEGINS TO MOVE...

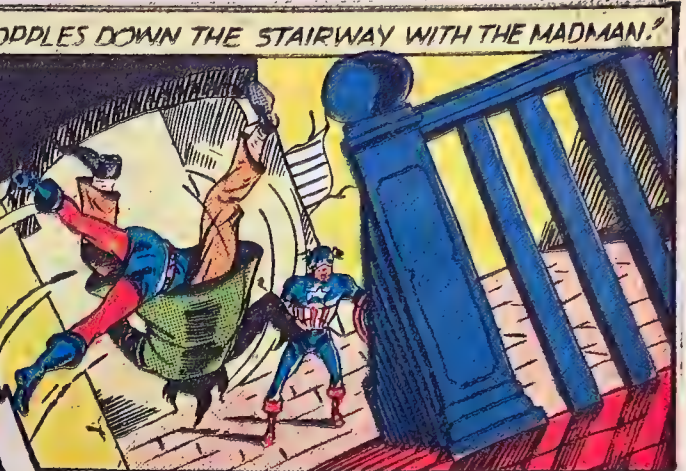


WHAT! HE STILL LIVES!

BUCKY MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...



...AND TODDLES DOWN THE STAIRWAY WITH THE MADMAN.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT BUCKY?

NOW FOR YOU, MY STILL LIFE PAINTER!

WHY IT WAS A LOVELY RIDE, CAP!



HOW DID YOU KILL THOSE OFFICERS?



THE SAME WAY I HOPED TO KILL YOU! THE PAINT I USED FOR MY PORTRAITS ALSO CONTAINED A CERTAIN DRUG WHICH MAKES A PERSON LOSE HIS WILL-POWER WHEN HE LOOKS AT IT, THAT'S WHY YOU TRIED TO STAB YOURSELF AFTER SEEING THE PICTURE!

BUT WHY DIDN'T IT AFFECT YOU... OR ME?

YOU ARE TOO YOUNG... AND I AM WEARING A GAS MASK!



LOOK! HE'S TAKING OFF HIS MASK, AND HE'S INHALING SOME PAINT!

BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!



THE ARTIST CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR, DEAD

LOOK! IT-IT'S COLONEL RAND!

YES, HE MUST HAVE BEEN A SPY!



THEIR WORK DONE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE INTO THE NIGHT...

HE KILLED THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF THE DEFENSE COMMISSION IN ORDER TO SABOTAGE IT!

LIKE ALL SPIES, HE WAS A FOOL, CAP!



The End 12

WHEE-EEE BOOM!



YESSIR!
THEY'RE all BIG SHOTS in
MARVEL COMICS
ON SALE at your Favorite NEWSSTAND **10¢**

WHIZZER

KING OF SPEED

"TERROR PRISON"

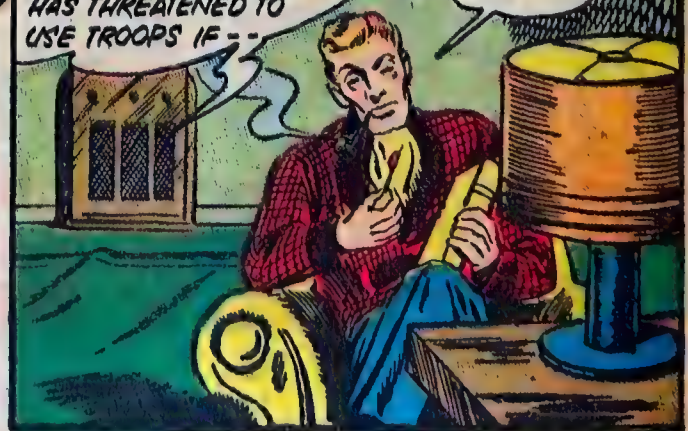
Story by
NEEL NATS

CRIME AND AVARICE FLOURISHED IN TOLEGATE PRISON AND THE INMATES WHISPERED THE NAME OF THE BLACK IN HUSHED AND FEARFUL VOICES. IT TOOK THE WHIZZER, KING OF SPEED, TO BREAK UP THE SINISTER, VICIOUS RACKET WHICH WAS TURNING TOLEGATE PRISON INTO A DEN OF EVIL!!

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE HOME OF BOB FRANK, WHERE WE FIND HIM LISTENING TO A RADIO NEWS REPORT!

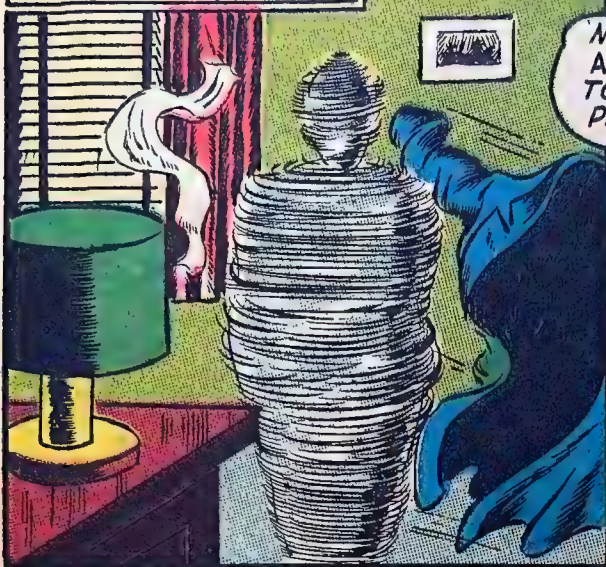
ONCE AGAIN A RIOT HAS BEEN REPORTED AT TOLEGATE PRISON. 20 INMATES AND GUARDS HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED. THE GOVERNOR HAS THREATENED TO USE TROOPS IF --

HMM, ANOTHER RIOT? THIS BEARS SOME LOOKING INTO!



Drawn by
MICHAEL SEKOWSKY
AND GEORGE KLEIN

IN A SWIFT SECOND BOB THROWS OFF HIS OUTER CLOTHES... AND...

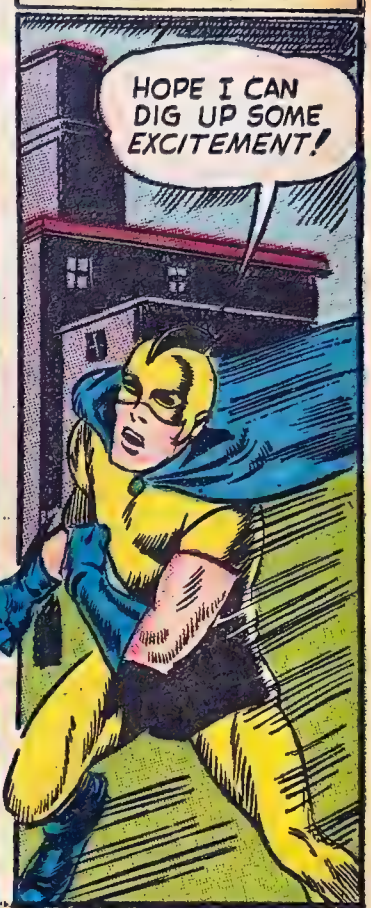


STANDS REVEALED AS THE MIGHTY WHIZZER... KING OF SPEED!



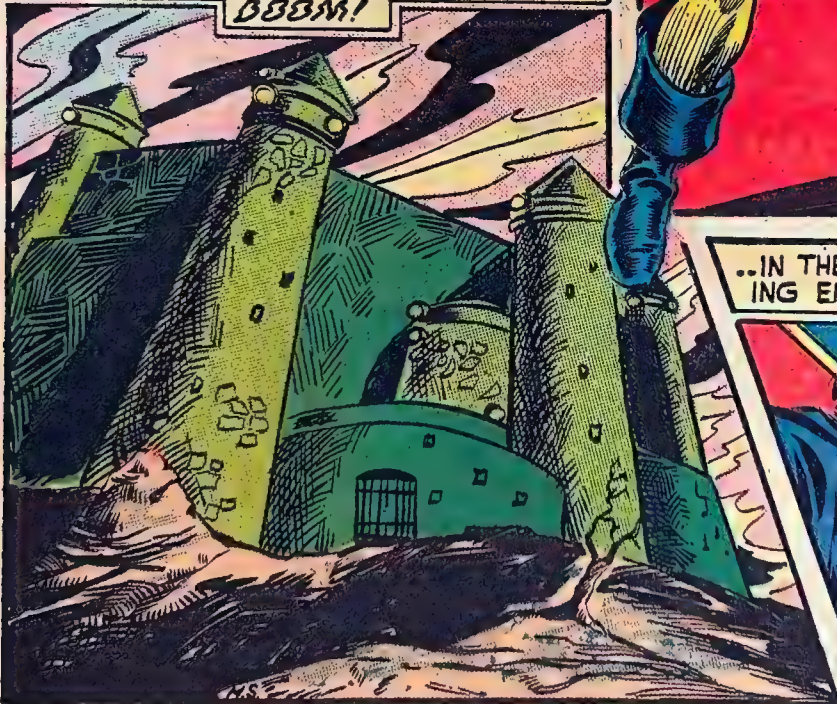
NOW... TO HAVE A LOOK AT TOLEGATE PRISON!

WHIZZER IS OFF!



HOPE I CAN DIG UP SOME EXCITEMENT!

BUT... LET US NOW TURN TO TOLEGATE PRISON, HARBINGER OF MYSTERY AND IMPENDING BOOM!



...IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE A TENSE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED...



PEDRO, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE KNIFED A PRISONER. IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN... YOU'LL BE IN SOLITARY FOR THE REST OF YOUR TERM... NOW GET OUT!!

SI, SENOR... I'M VERY REGRET! GRACIAS SENOR.

...AS PEDRO LEAVES...

GUARD... SEND IN BIG SAM!



YES SIR!

OKAY SAM, YOU'RE NEXT!



WATCH YOURSELF, SAMUEL, ZE WARDEN EES VERY ANGRY TODAY!!



BIG SAM, I WANT TO TELL YOU THE SAME THING I TOLD PEDRO. IF YOU EVER CAUSE ANYMORE TROUBLE IN THIS JAIL,... I'LL PUT YOU IN SOLITARY TILL YOU ROT. IS THAT CLEAR?!!

YASSUH!! BOSS!



ALL RIGHT!... LEAVE NOW.. OH. SEND IN VIC ROMMDO WHEN YOU GO OUT!!

VIC ROMMDO, THE MOST FEARED CONVICT IN TOLEGATE PRISON..

YA WANNA SEE ME, WARDEN?.. WHAT'S ON YA MIND?!



LOOK HERE, ROMMDO, YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THE THINGS YOU'VE...

SHUT UP! YOU LOOK HERE! YOU KNOW THE FRIENDS I'VE GOT ON THE OUTSIDE, DON'TCHA?... IF YA WANNA STAY HEALTHY.. YOU'LL KEEP YA MOUTH SHUT.. AND MIND YER OWN BUSINESS! GET THAT!!



SLAM!

WHEW-

ANOTHER VISITOR MAKES HIS ENTRANCE

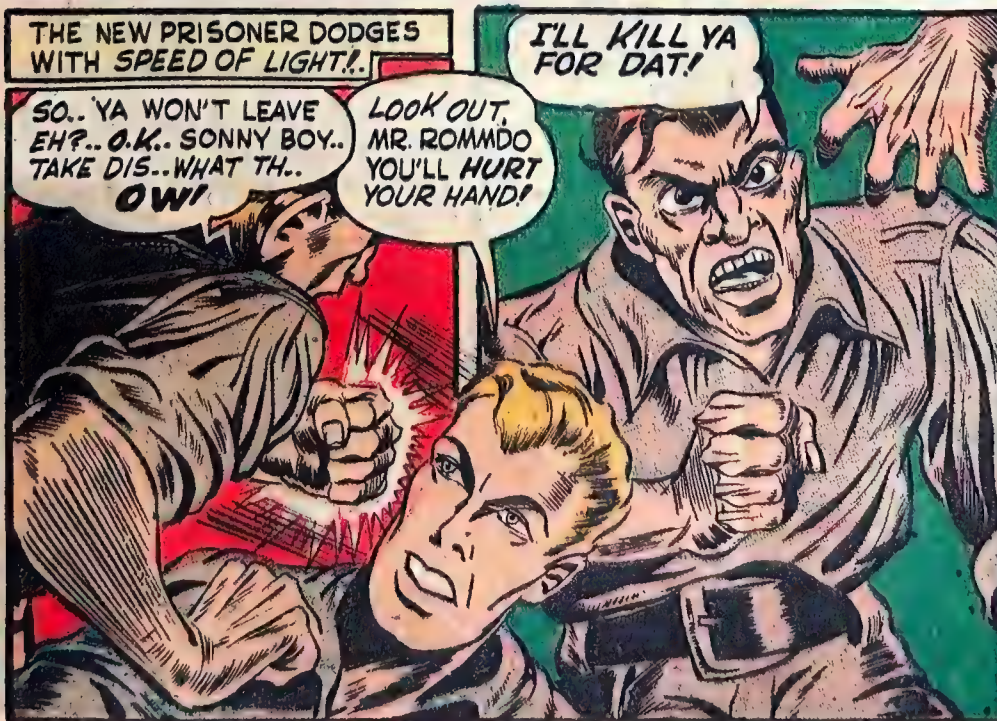
WHAT'S THAT! AM I SEEING THINGS!



WHAT IS THIS? A HURRICANE?

OOOPS! SORRY, I FORGOT I WAS GOING SO FAST!







YOU.. I'LL TEAR
YOU APART FOR
THAT!



MAYBE I'D BETTER
LET HIM LICK ME.. I
DON'T WANT
ANYONE TO
SUSPECT
I'M THE
WHIZZER,
JUST YET!



THE WHIZZER ALLOWS ROM-
MDO TO HIT HIM.. MOVING
AWAY AT THE LAST SECOND
SO THE BLOW DOESN'T
HURT HIM!

AROUSED BY THE SOUNDS OF THE FIGHT... THE
PRISON GUARDS STEP IN!



THIS'LL COOL
YA OFF, ROMMDO

...AND NOW.. FOR THE
FINAL MASTER STROKE!
NOW FOR A JAIL-
BREAK.. HA.. HA!

But.. LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A HIDDEN
DUNGEON FAR UNDER THE PRISON WHERE A SINISTER
FIGURE IN BLACK IS LURKING, AND LAYING HIS PLANS!



HA-HA.. ALL IS GOING WELL IN TOLE-
GATE PRISON.. RIOTS... FIGHTS..
TROUBLE... HA.. HA.. EVERY-
THING IS GOING JUST
AS I HAD PLANNED!

= HISS! = TOMORROW.. MIDNIGHT!..
**JAIL-BREAK! THE
BLACK COMMANDS!!**



LIKE WILDFIRE... THE NEWS SPREADS THRU-OUT THE PRISON GRAPE-VINE... EVERY HARDENED CONVICT'S HEART IS INFLAMED WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT: JAIL-BREAK AND FREEDOM!



WHILE IN THE COURTYARD, SULLEN FIGURES TALK-IN LOW GUARDED VOICES!

NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT THE BREAK'LL TAKE PLACE AT MIDNITE!

SI, AN' I PEDRO CASTELLO, WEEL GIVE ZE SIGNAL, ZE SWEET WHISTLING OF ZE SO VER' BEAUTIFUL DOVE!

... AN' DEN YOU'RE GONNA PIN DA BLAME ON DAT NEW GUY, EH?

YEAH! TONITE WE'RE GONNA GET EVEN WIT DAT FAIR- HAURED BOY!.. JUST WAIT AN' SEE!

TONITE!

JAIL-BREAK!

NO-NITE!

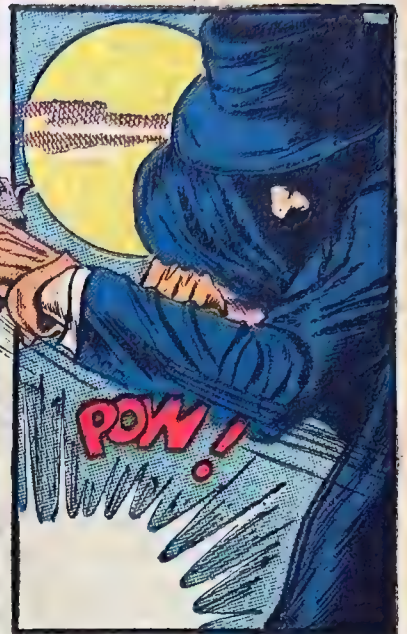
MID-NITE!

BUT THE WHIZZER GOES ON WITH HIS WORK, SENSING DANGER, BUT NOT KNOWING FROM WHERE, OR WHEN IT WILL STRIKE!



THOSE THREE ARE UP TO *SOMETHING* AND I WISH I KNEW WHAT *IT* WAS!!

FINALLY DARKNESS FALLS! A SILENT SINISTER FIGURE OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES APPROACHES BENT UPON A MISSION OF EVIL!



POW!

IN THE UNIFORM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD THE MYSTERIOUS PROWLER ENTERS THE PRISON!



HA! THE POOR FOOLS!
HOW EASILY THEY CAN BE TRICKED!

TAPPING A CERTAIN STONE, A SECTION OF WALL SWINGS OPEN ADMITTING THE FAKE GUARD INTO IT'S FOREBODING BLACKNESS!



MEANWHILE IN THE WHIZZER'S CELL.

LOOK, BUD THERE'S NO REASON FOR US TO BE ENEMIES. WHADDYA SAY..WE FORGET ABOUT OUR FIGHT, EH?

OH..OH.. SOMETHIN'S UP. BUT I MAY AS WELL MAKE BELIEVE HE'S FOOLING ME AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET!.. WE'RE MAKING A BREAK TONITE.. AN' YOU CAN BE IN ON IT!



.. AT THAT MOMENT.. **THE SIGNAL!**

THERE IT IS!
C'MON!



COO!
COO!

IN A CELL... FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR...



HERE! GOOD LUCK!

CHEE! AT LAST!

Seconds Later...



FREE! NOW TO FILE OFF THE OTHER LOCKS!



HERE THEY COME! ARE YOU READY, PAL??

SURE!

I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THIS!

UNKNOWN TO WHIZZER HE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER FROM THE VENGEFUL ROMMDO!

AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HANDS ON SOME GATS, WE'LL LET THE FOOL HAVE IT FROM BEHIND!



THE ESCAPING CONVICTS REACH THE GUN RACK!



OH BOY! WOT A GAT!



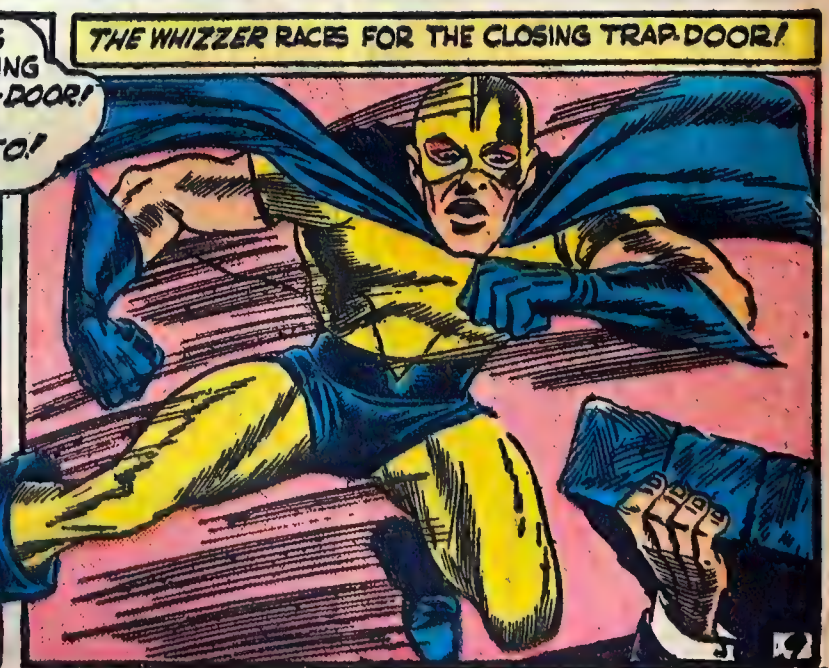
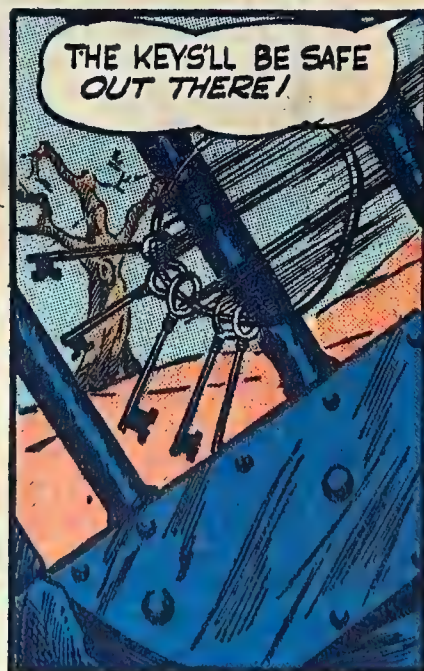
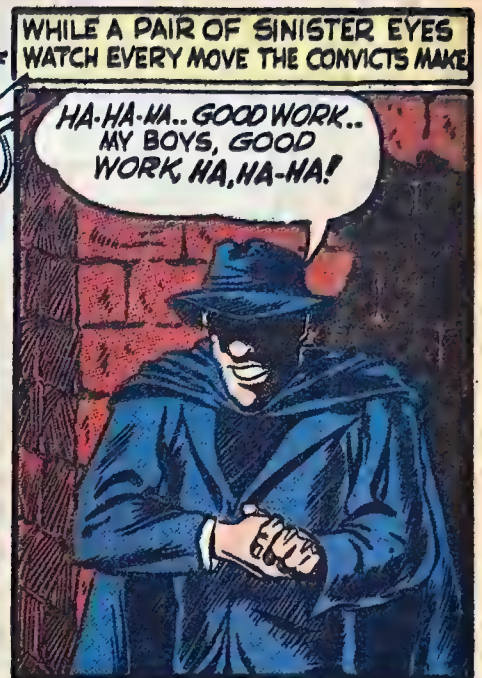
AND NOW FOR MY CELL-MATE! HA.. HA HERE GOES!

AT THAT SECOND, BOB FRANK, AGAIN BECOMES THE ARCH-FOE OF EVIL AND THE KING OF SPEED..THE WHIZZER!!



IT'S TIME FOR THE WHIZZER TO ACT!!

WHAT TH.? WHERE DID HE GO?!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE PRISONERS BREAK DOWN THE GATE, USING A HEAVY BEAM FOR A RAM!



OH OH, THEY'VE BROKEN THRU THE GATE! I'LL HAVE TO SAVE MY TRAP DOOR FRIEND TILL LATER!



IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...



WARDEN! THE PRISONERS ARE LOOSE!

WHAT? SOUND THE ALARM! SUMMON THE GUARDS!

LIKE A MIGHTY WAVE OF EVIL THE CONVICTS POUR OUT OF THE PRISON BUILDING!



LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER THOSE WALLS BEFORE THEY REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!

QUICK! JAIL BREAK! GET YOUR LIGHTS ON 'EM!

THIS ROCK'LL TAKE CARE OF 'IM!



BUT THE EIGHTNING FAST WHIZZER CATCHES THE ROCK IN THE NICK OF TIME!



WOW! JUST MADE IT!

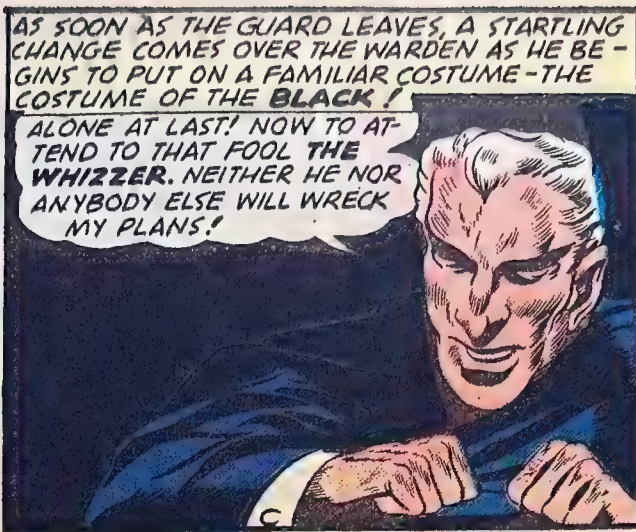
HURLED BY THE WHIZZER, THE ROCK HAS THE SAME SPEED AS A CANNON BALL, AND DOES ALMOST AS MUCH DAMAGE.





ON THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AGAIN-
DON'T STAND HERE, YOU FOOL! GO INTO THE YARD AND HELP! WE NEED EVERY AVAILABLE MAN!

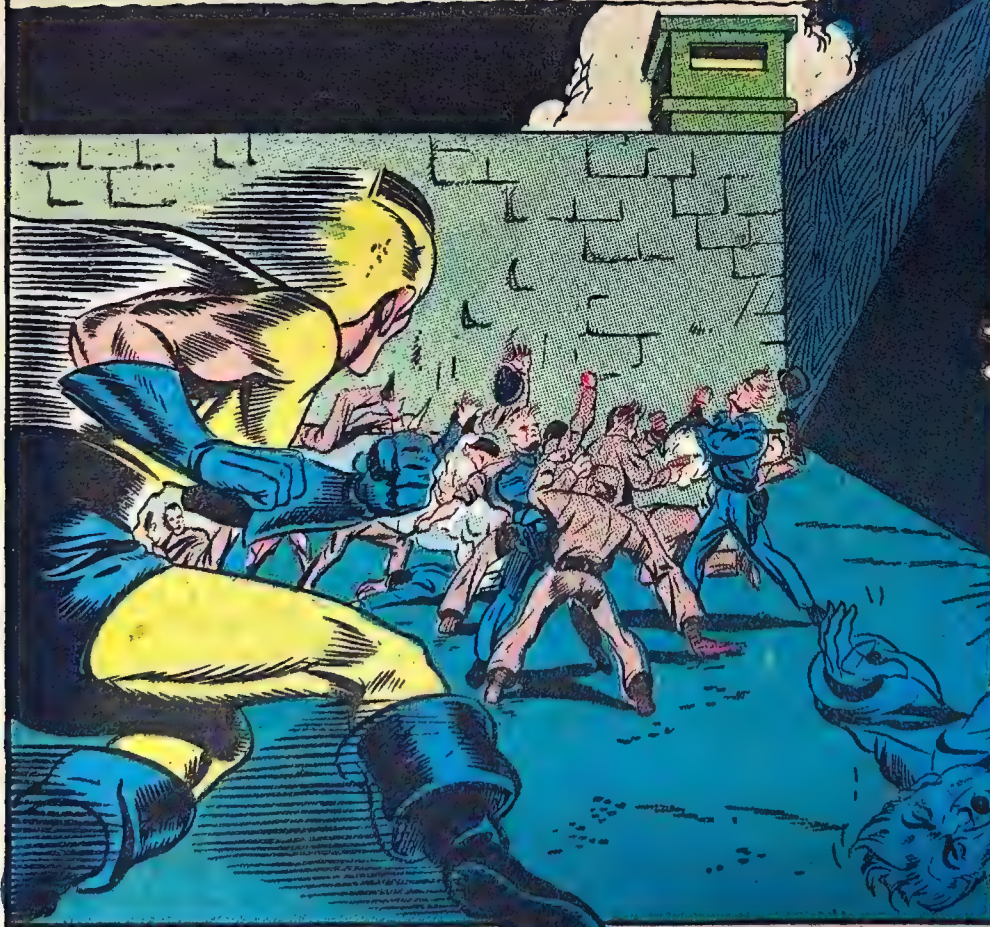
YES SIR!



AS SOON AS THE GUARD LEAVES, A STARTLING CHANGE COMES OVER THE WARDEN AS HE BEGINS TO PUT ON A FAMILIAR COSTUME - THE COSTUME OF THE **BLACK!**
ALONE AT LAST! NOW TO ATTEND TO THAT FOOL THE **WHIZZER**. NEITHER HE NOR ANYBODY ELSE WILL WRECK MY PLANS!



WHILE OUTSIDE, THE PRISON COURT-YARD IS REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES AS MEN BATTLE IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.



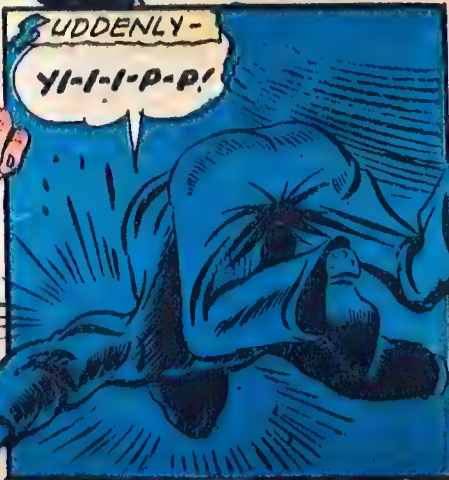
THE WHIZZER'S WHIRLING FORM IS EVERYWHERE AS HE BATTLES TO CHECK THE JAIL-BREAK!



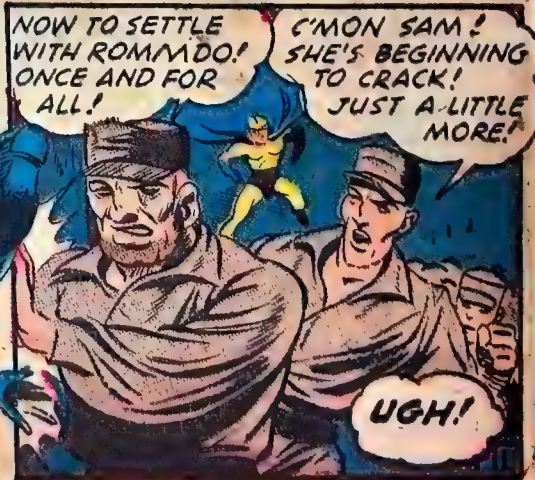
YEOWW!
WHAT'S GOT ME! UGHH!



HA! MY BLADE WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS DOG!



SUDDENLY -
YI-I-I-P-P!



NOW TO SETTLE WITH ROMMADO! ONCE AND FOR ALL!

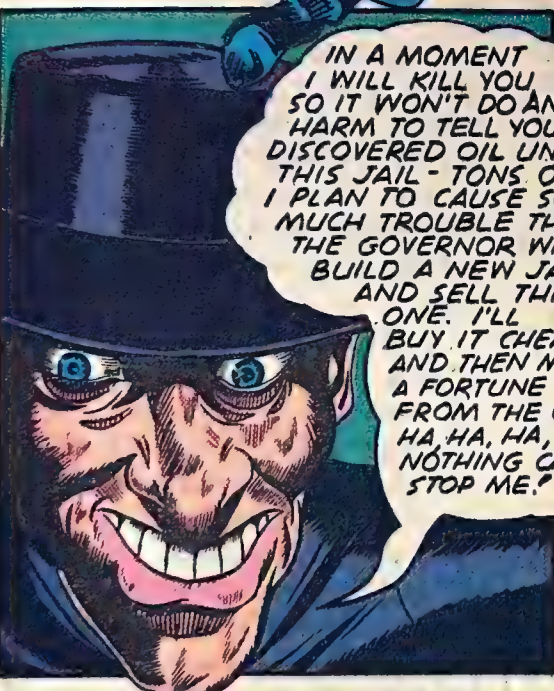
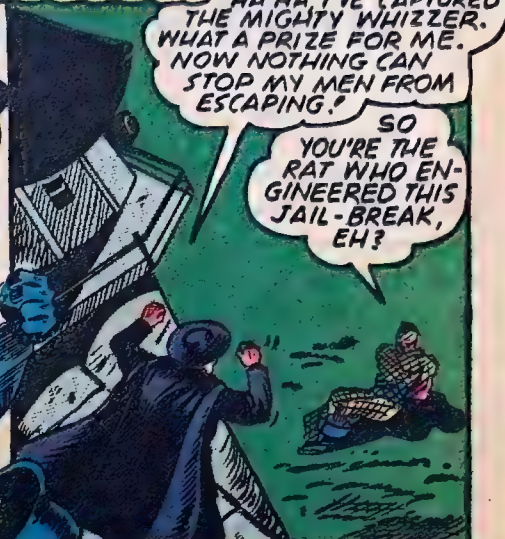
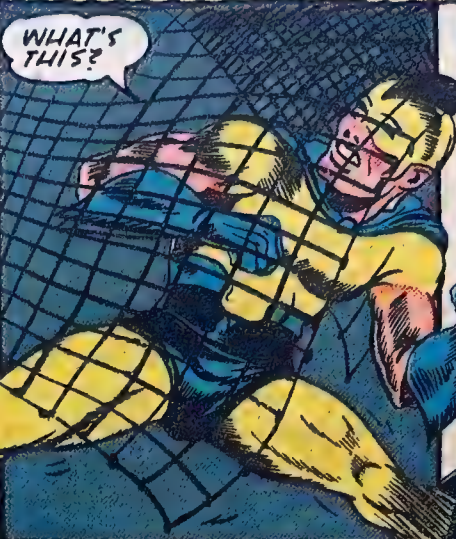
C'MON SAM! SHE'S BEGINNING TO CRACK! JUST A LITTLE MORE!

UGH!

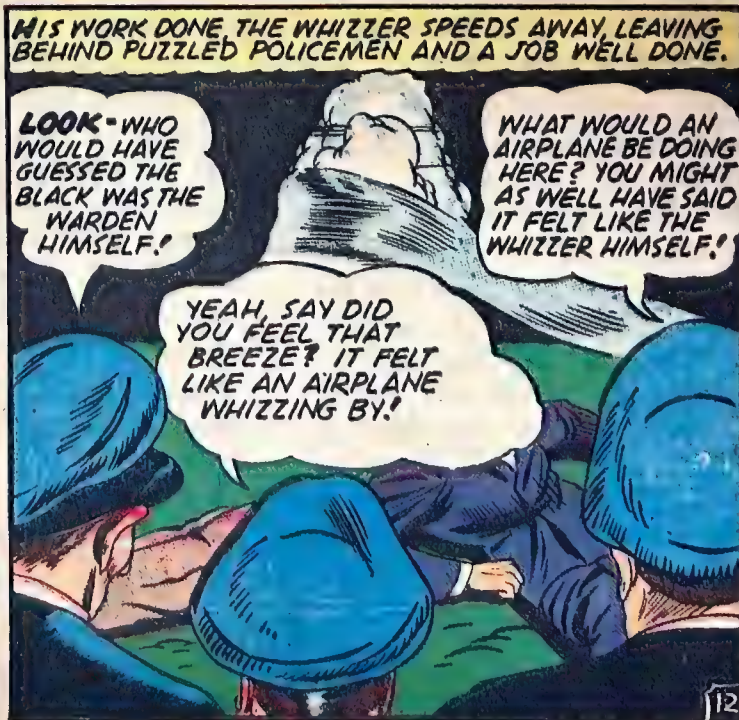
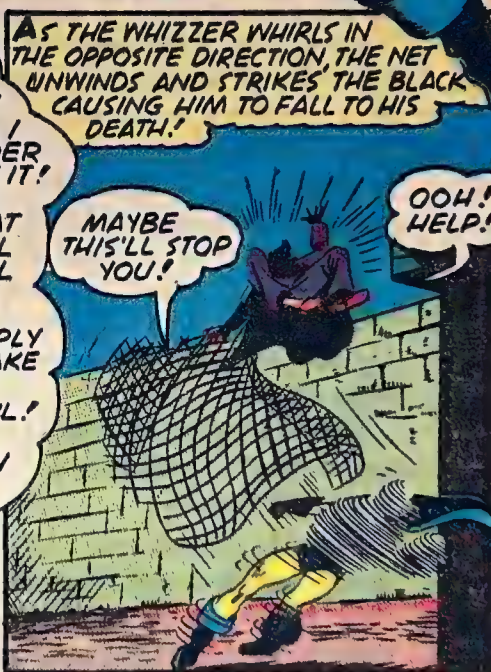
WHIRLING AT TOP SPEED, THE WHIZZER WHIPS UP A WIND WITH THE FORCE OF A TORNADO!

SUDDENLY A LARGE SILKEN NET IS THROWN OVER THE WHIZZER!

HAS THE BLACK REALLY TRAPPED THE WHIZZER?



IN A MOMENT I WILL KILL YOU SO IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO TELL YOU. I DISCOVERED OIL UNDER THIS JAIL - TONS OF IT! I PLAN TO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE THAT THE GOVERNOR WILL BUILD A NEW JAIL AND SELL THIS ONE. I'LL BUY IT CHEAPLY AND THEN MAKE A FORTUNE FROM THE OIL! HA HA, HA, NOTHING CAN STOP ME!



JUNGLE DRUMS

... Greg Lamare had spent every day of his life in the dark jungles of Central Africa. His parents had been missionaries among the friendly natives, and Greg had been born there. He grew up with African boys who were not savages like the wild tribe of the Wiwaris who inhabited the Forbidden Valley to the West. With his friends, Greg learned the manly art of hunting and stalking, and could drop a fast moving animal at a hundred yards!

After his parents had died, young Greg continued to live among the friendly Senu tribe, who accepted him as one of them. The natives engaged in a lively trade of ivory with white merchants, and Greg saw to it that they were not cheated. Peace and happiness reigned among the good Senu people.

Then, one day, a dark cloud of disaster threatened to pass over the village of the Senu tribe. Marauding bands of Wiwari natives were marching out of the Forbidden Valley to the West to make night attacks on the Senu village, killing the terror-stricken inhabitants, and carrying off with them rich loads of ivory! It was not long before Greg Lamare discovered that Carson Wolf was at the bottom of these raids.

Wolf was a notorious trader, who had tried to force the Senu to sell him ivory at very low prices, and when Greg had kicked him out of the village, Wolf had stirred up the wild Wiwaris to attack and steal the rich ivory horde. The Senu were so frightened, that they spoke of leaving their old village and moving farther to the East, away from the dangers of the Forbidden Valley! But Greg knew how much the Senu

natives loved this spot in Central Africa, and he realized they would be heart-broken if they had to tear up roots and leave this beautiful region. So, he decided to deal with Carson Wolf in his own way!

Greg sat alone in his hut, smoking his pipe and examining his rifle. He had appointed himself as the nightwatchman, ready to sound the alarm if an attack should come suddenly. The surrounding jungle was unusually quiet tonight! It seemed as if every beast of the forest was holding its breath, waiting for something... something grave and terrible to happen! Sometimes the Wiwaris attacked with yells and cries of defiance, as they murdered and stole. Other times, they sneaked into the village and worked silently, and the next morning a few Senu would be found dead, and vast amounts of ivory missing!

"I have a feeling this is going to be one of the silent raids tonight!" Greg thought to himself.

Suddenly, a piercing shriek of agony resounded throughout the village! Greg was on his feet in a second. He dashed out and raced to the hut from which the cry had come. He entered. The sight which met his eyes made him weak as the blood left his face! There was Ra, good kind Ra, lying on the ground dead! A poisoned dart was imbedded in his throat! The Wiwaris had struck silently; had stolen some ivory, killed Ra in a fit of brute terrorism, and then vanished into the dark shadows of the jungle!

Other Senu rushed into the hut and gazed in silence at their murdered friend! Ra, who had been the best hunter of the tribe; Ra, who was

slated to be a Chief one day, was dead! This was the end... the Senu people must leave their homes and journey far to the East, away from terror and Death!

Greg could see the decision which was expressed on those silent faces. Not he thought. The Senu will *not* give up their homes... this very night would witness the end of all the terror and destruction which struck in the dark! He was determined about that!

Young Lamare left the hut and walked toward the fringes of the village, as it met the jungle. The retreating Wiwaris could not be too far away. The tall figure of this white man stepped into the forest and was instantly enveloped in the inky blackness.

... The trail led through a maze of paths. Gregg knew every inch of this region. As he came into cleared land, the light of the full moon permitted him to search for signs of the recent passage of the Wiwaris. He spotted broken twigs, then footprints which were left by the killers as they headed back toward the Forbidden Valley. Greg walked on for miles and miles, getting closer to his quarry. Finally, after a trek of more than an hour, he came to the hill which overlooked the valley of the Wiwaris.

He gazed far down the hill, and could see the natives just entering their village! Greg had already formulated a plan of action, but it was necessary that he get closer to the village, so he made his way down the hill with cautious steps, lest the enemy spot him.

In the village, the Wiwaris were handing over their loot to Carson

Wolf, who had established himself among them until he could collect a big enough haul of ivory to ship down the river to the coast. Wolf took immediate possession of the booty, and had it stored in a large hut which he was using as a temporary warehouse. The sinister face of the trader broadened in an evil grin.

"You have done your work well, men of the Wiwaris!" he said. "Now you will receive your payment!"

Wolf passed cheap trinkets and brightly-colored cloth among the natives. They howled in delight. For this they had stolen and killed!

... Greg had reached the outskirts of the village, and hid himself behind one of the huts. He watched the natives as they danced around a blazing fire in the center of the village and chanted a song of victory! Before them stood the idol of their god Xandu, whom the superstitious Wiwaris honored as their protector! The idol's right arm was raised in a gesture of benevolence. Greg remembered the legend which stated that when the right arm of Xandu should fall from the figure, he would no longer grant his protection to the Wiwaris! And this superstitious legend was part of Greg's plan!

As the celebrating natives leaped into the air and yelled in joy, young Greg raised his rifle to his shoulder and took careful aim.

Bang! Crack! The powerful elephant rifle barked again and again! The terrified Wiwaris stood motionless and stared at the idol of Xandu aghast. The right arm of the idol was shattered at the elbow ... with a thud it fell to the ground! Greg had not missed!

... A split second later, pandemonium broke loose! The fear-crazed Wiwaris raced out of the village into the jungle! The legend

promised swift and utter disaster to all who remained in the Forbidden Valley if Xandu should drop his right arm! Five minutes later, the few thousand Wiwaris had disappeared into the darkness, leaving two white men alone in the abandoned village! Wolf was so bewildered, he didn't move an inch. He seemed frozen in his tracks!

Greg stepped forth from his place of concealment and confronted the astounded Wolf. The latter recognized the young man who had driven him out of the village of the Senu. His hand reached for his gun in its holster.

But Greg Lamare was quick of eye and swift of foot! He made a quick dash toward Wolf, and tackled him! The two men rolled over and over on the ground, exchanging violent blows! Greg shook his head to clear away the momentary fog which started to settle in his brain as Wolf landed a terrific wallop to the youth's jaw! With a mighty heave, he threw the killer backwards over his head, and sent him sprawling. As Wolf gained his feet, Greg summoned every ounce of strength to his fist and smashed it into his opponent's jaw! Wolf staggered at the impact, and crumbled to the ground!

Greg stood over the prone figure, panting heavily with the exertion of the battle. He then slung the unconscious form over his shoulder and retraced his steps to the village of the Senu. As the morning sun appeared over the horizon, Greg walked into the village with Wolf walking before him, since he had recovered during the trek.

Greg related the whole story, and the Senu shouted in joy. No more would they fear Death striking from the Forbidden Valley. Many of them went to the deserted village of the Wiwaris to bring back their stolen ivory.

Days later, Wolf was turned over

to Government officials and sentenced to a long prison term. That same night, the Senu sat around their fire in the center of the village and spoke to Greg.

"The Senu owe their lives and their homes to you!" Obu was speaking. "So, we now make you Chief of our tribe! You accept, yes?"

Greg was deeply moved by the love and devotion of these natives. He put his hand on Obu's shoulder in affection, and muttered.

"I accept this honor!"

And that is the story of how a white man became the Chief of a native tribe in darkest Africa!

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

of All Winners Comics, published quarterly at
Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.
State of New York
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Winners Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Managing Editor Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

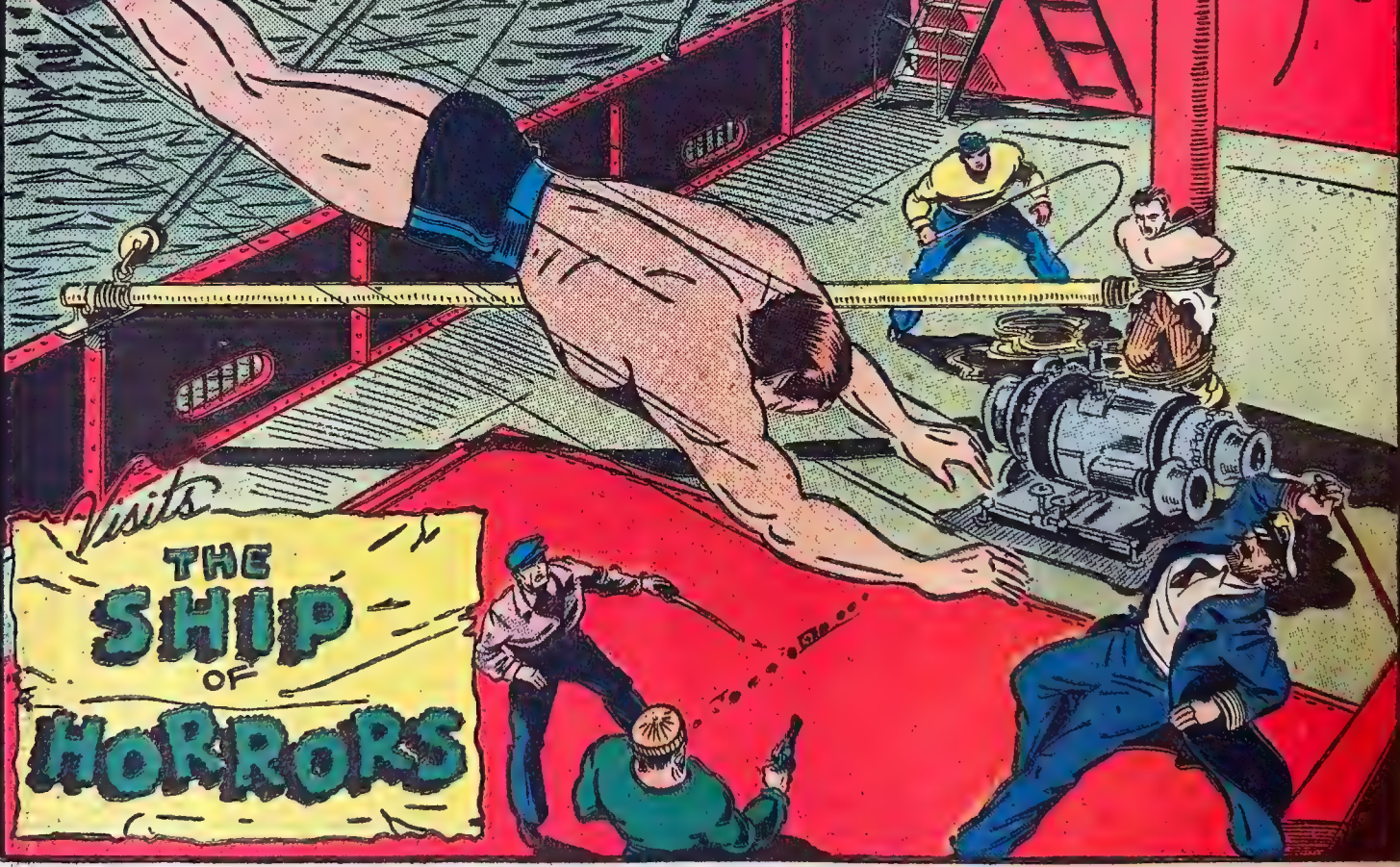
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated; and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company are trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

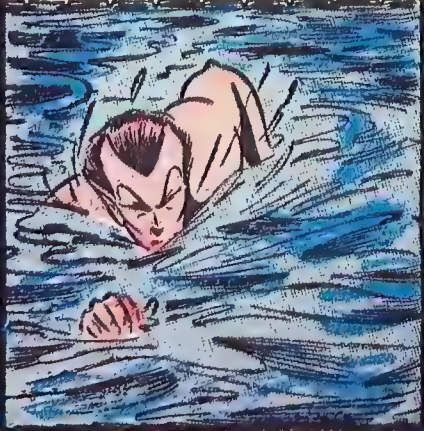
(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day
of September, 1941.
(SEAL) BERNARD ARBITAL.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943.)

The SUB-MARINER



Visits
THE SHIP OF HORRORS

WE FIND NAMOR SWIMMING LEISURELY DOWN THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA, HEADED FOR HIS ANTARCTIC HOME



---WHEN SHOUTS FROM A NEIGHBORING VESSEL ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION.



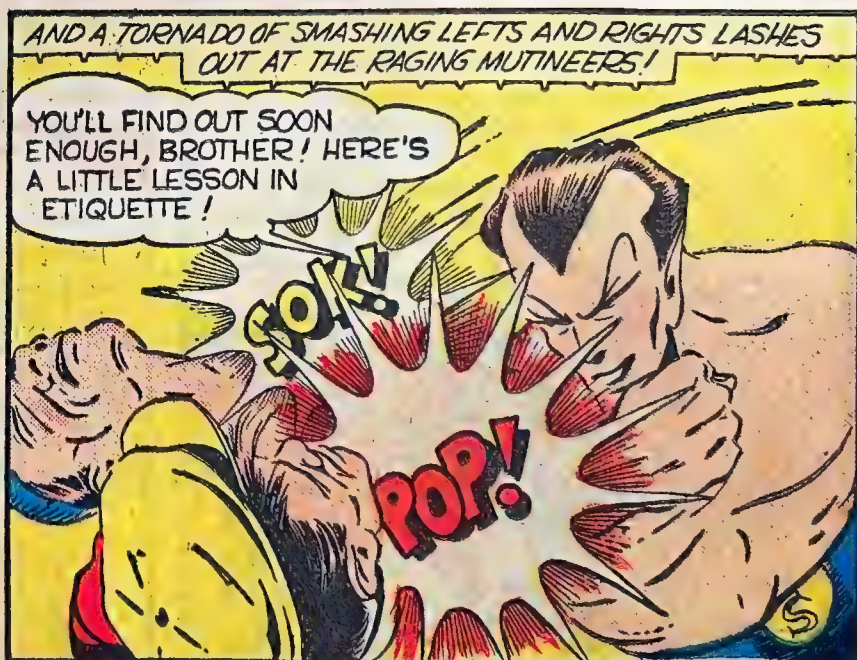
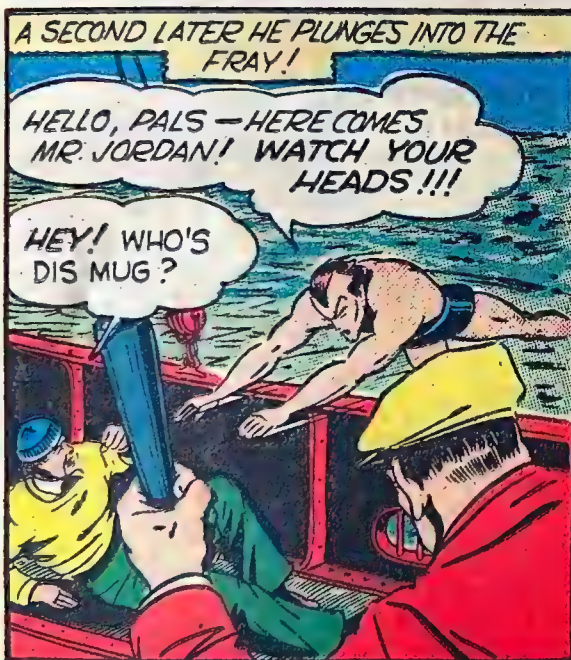
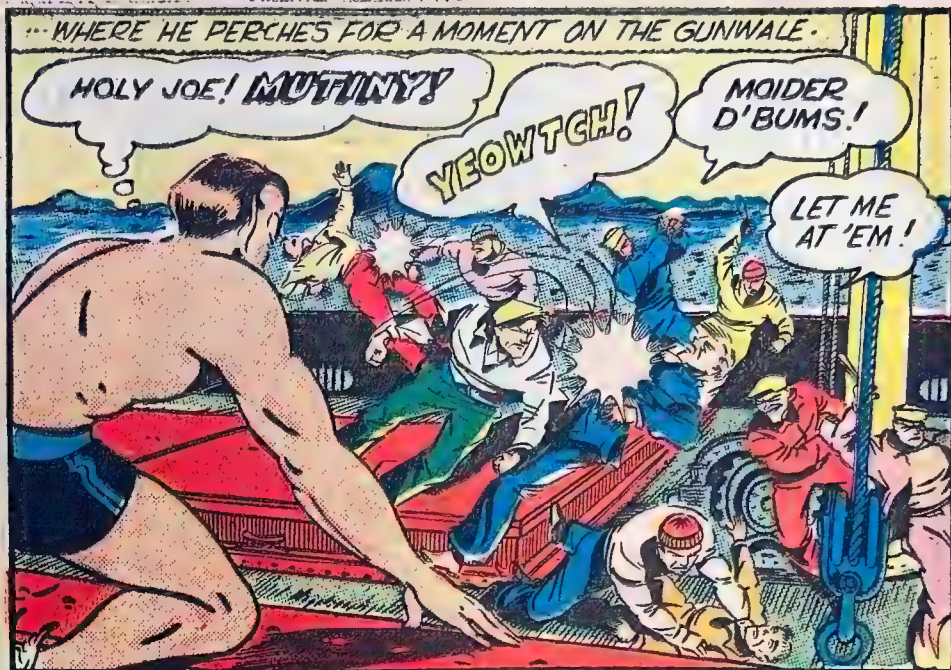
YEOW! HELP! HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

HE SWIMS CLOSE TO INVESTIGATE ---

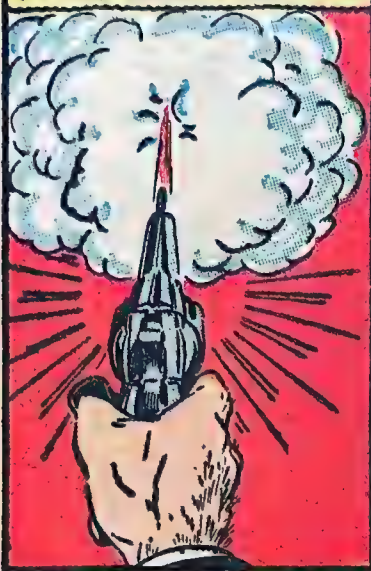
DAGLIO! GET JOHNSON-THAT'S IT!



BANG! CRACK! OW-W-W



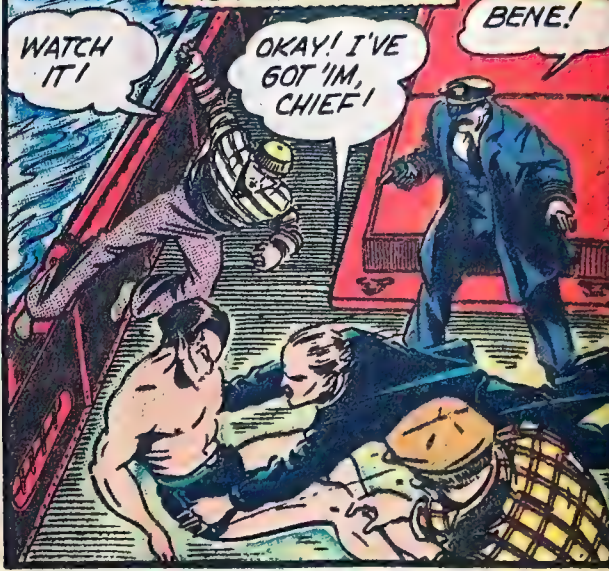
INSTANTLY THE MATE SPINS ABOUT, AND THE DEADLY PISTOL BARKS AGAIN!



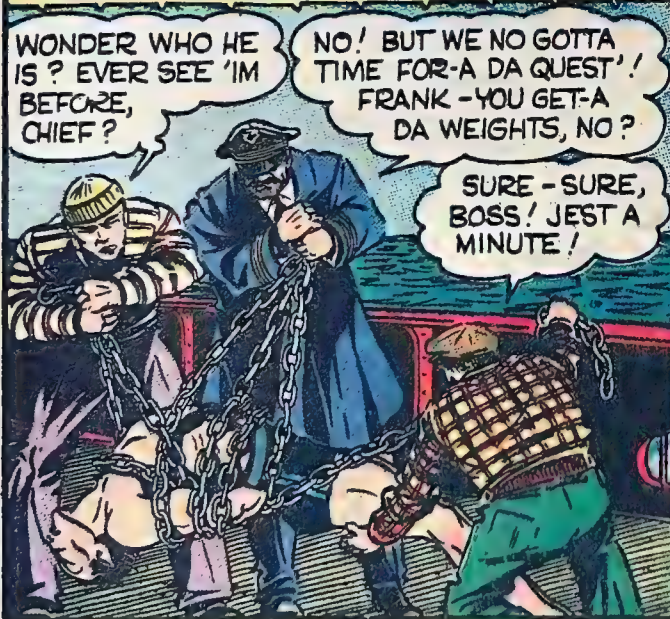
THIS TIME ITS LEAD MESSAGE SEARS A FURROW ACROSS NAMOR'S TEMPLE!



HE DROPS TO THE DECK, UNCONSCIOUS, AND THE MUTINEERS LEAP ON HIM LIKE A PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES...



A MOMENT LATER THEY HAVE HIM IN CHAINS!



AND TWO 300-LB. WEIGHTS ARE ATTACHED TO HIS BODY....



HE IS CARRIED TO THE BULKHEAD RAIL, AND PLACED ON THE GUNWALE



HO! HO! HO! DAT'S-A FINE! WE NO WORRY 'BOUT-A HEEM NO MORE! NOW WE FIX-A DIS GUY JOHNSON, DA COMPANY OWNER --- WHERE HE IS, CARL? BRING-A HEEM TO-A DA MAST!

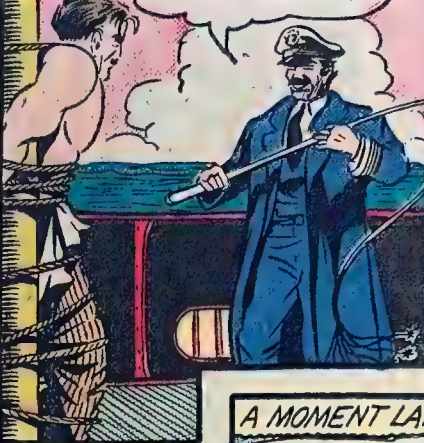


THE MATE'S LIEUTENANTS QUICKLY BRING LANCE JOHNSON, THE SHIP'S OWNER, FROM THE CABIN BELOW---

SO, DAGLIO! YOU ARE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MUTINY! WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? YOU'VE GOT THE SHIP!



SI, SIGNOR! BUT NOT-A DA SECRET CHART WOT-A YOU KEEP HIDE --- WOT-A TELL-A YOU WHERE IS LOCATE-A DA SUNK' SHIP WHO IS GOT-A DA TREAS' WHICH-A WE SIGN ON-A DIS VOYAGE-A FOR!



NO! YOU HAVEN'T IT, AND YOU NEVER WILL HAVE IT!!! YOU MAY FLOG ME UNTIL THERE'S NOT A STRIP OF FLESH ON MY BODY, BUT I'LL NEVER TELL YOU WHERE THAT CHART IS!



SO ??? HOKAY, MY SO-BRAVE FRIEN' --- MEBBE DAGLIO NO FLOG-A YOU AFTER ALL! MEBBE DAGLIO GOT-A DA BETTER IDEA! BOYS! I GUESS-A YOU KNOW WOT-A TO DO NOW, AIN'T IT? DON' WASTE-A NO TIME NEIDER, EH? HO! HO!

WE GETCHA, CHIEF... BACK IN A MINUTE!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

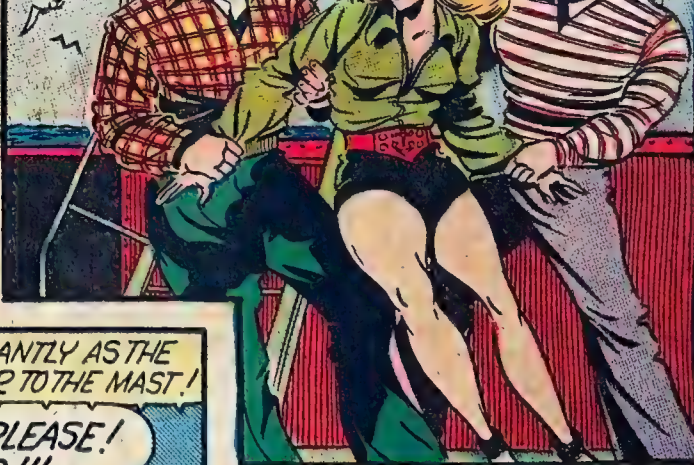


A MOMENT LATER THE TWO MEN RETURN, WITH-----

LET ME GO! TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME, YOU SWINE!!!

SHUT UP SISTER!

- AN' KEEP MOVIN'!



SO- YOU GET-A DA IDEA NOW, MEESTER JOHNSON? MEBBE YOU LIKE-A FOR HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER SING A LEETLE, NO? DIS-A WHIP-A, SHE BRING OUT-A SOME NICE-A TUNES SOMETIMES, AIN'T IT?



THE GIRL FIGHTS VALIANTLY AS THE CULPRITS FORCE HER TO THE MAST!

NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! LET ME GO!!!

HELP!

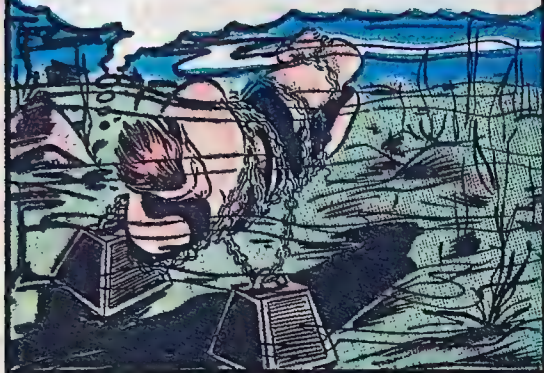


WAIT! CECILIA!!! I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU! ALL RIGHT, YOU DIRTY COWARDS, I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE CHART IS - ONLY LEAVE MY DAUGHTER ALONE!!!



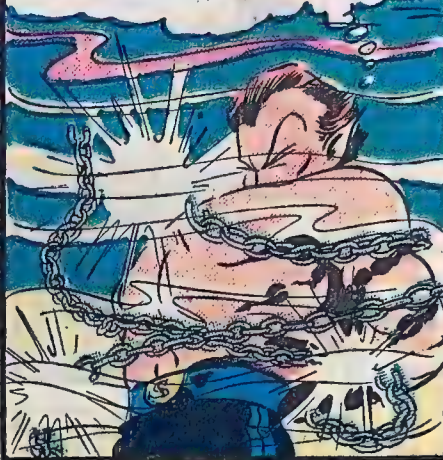
IN THE MEANTIME, NAMOR, LYING CHAINED AND WEIGHTED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

OH, BROTHER! WHAT HIT ME?
HELLO - WHAT'S THIS ???
GOT ME ALL TIED UP IN CHAINS, EH?
WELL, AT LEAST IT PROVES THAT
THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE
DEALING WITH THE SUB-MARINER!



BRACING HIMSELF, AND USING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH, HE LIGHTLY SNAPS HIS STEEL BONDS!

THEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE USED PAPER!

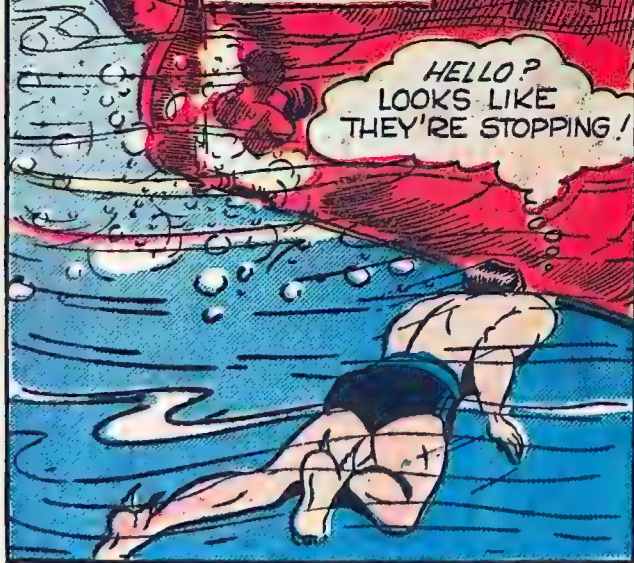


NOW, MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIENDS, WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT --- SHIPS' CREWS DON'T MUTINY FOR NOTHING! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?



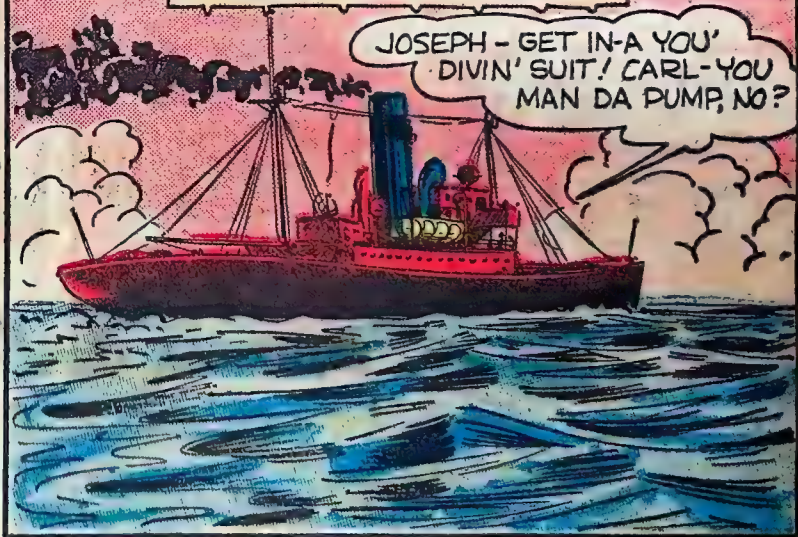
PICKING UP THE TRAIL LEFT BY THE SHIP'S WAKE, NAMOR QUICKLY OVERTAKES HIS QUARRY ---

HELLO?
LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE STOPPING!



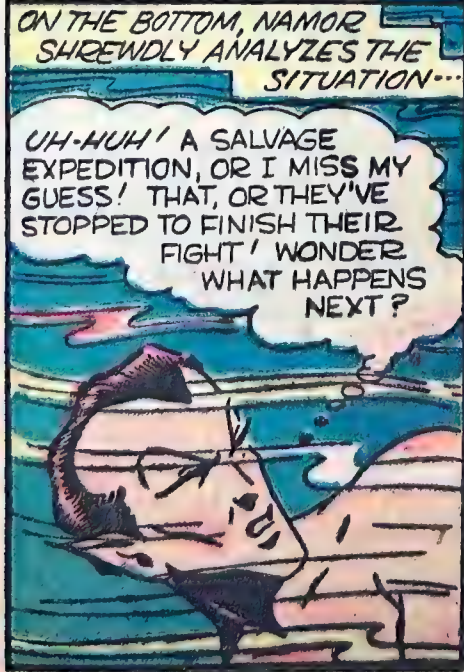
THE LITTLE VESSEL'S MOTORS RUMBLE TO A STOP AND WITH A RATTLE OF CHAINS THE ANCHOR SPLASHES OVERBOARD -----AND THERE IS GREAT ACTIVITY AMONG THE MUTINEERS!

JOSEPH - GET IN-A YOU'
DIVIN' SUIT! CARL - YOU
MAN DA PUMP, NO?



ON THE BOTTOM, NAMOR SHREWDLY ANALYZES THE SITUATION---

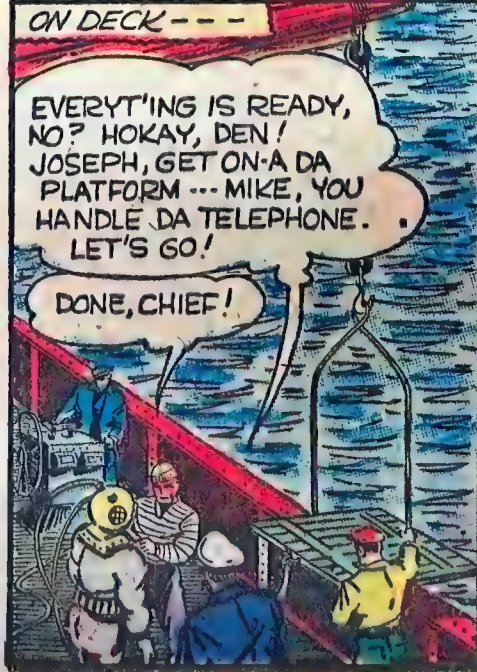
UH-HUH! A SALVAGE
EXPEDITION, OR I MISS MY
GUESS! THAT, OR THEY'VE
STOPPED TO FINISH THEIR
FIGHT! WONDER
WHAT HAPPENS
NEXT?



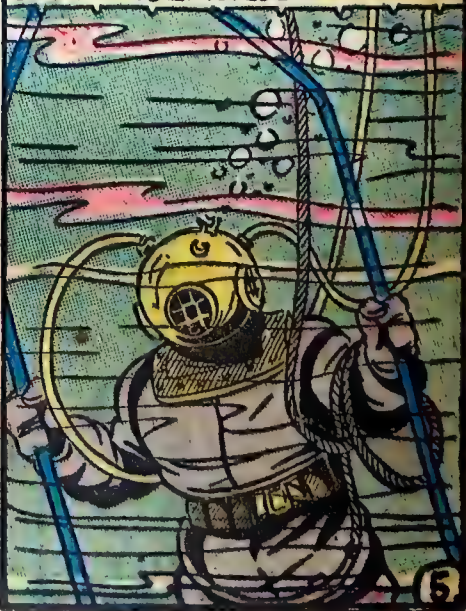
ON DECK ---

EVERYT'ING IS READY,
NO? HOKAY, DEN!
JOSEPH, GET ON-A DA
PLATFORM --- MIKE, YOU
HANDLE DA TELEPHONE.
LET'S GO!

DONE, CHIEF!



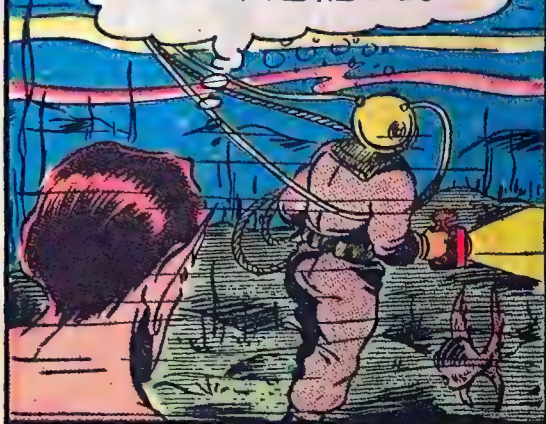
AND A MOMENT LATER THE DIVER SUBMERGES ---



AS HE HITS BOTTOM, AND LEAVES HIS PLATFORM, NAMOR FOLLOWS HIM SILENTLY....

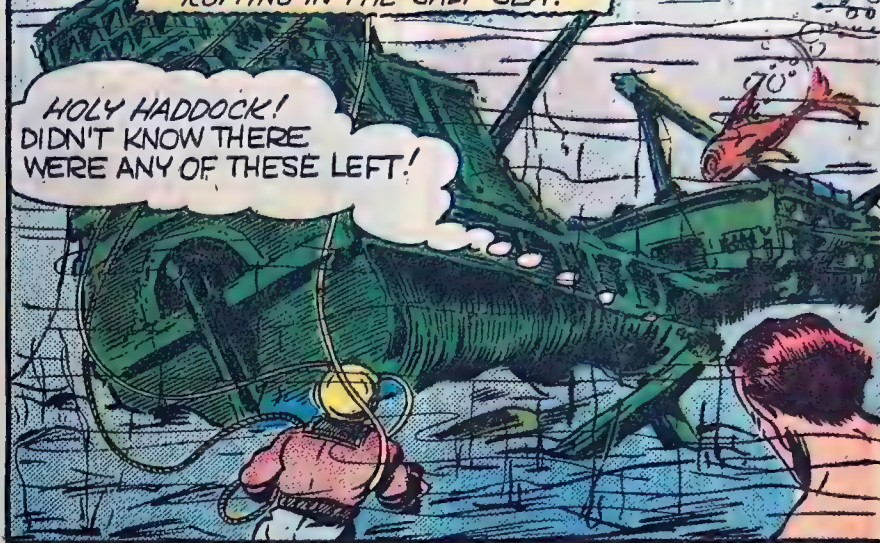
I THOUGHT SO!

WELL, I MAY AS WELL GET A CUT OF THIS TREASURE, TOO! LET'S SEE WHERE HE GOES....

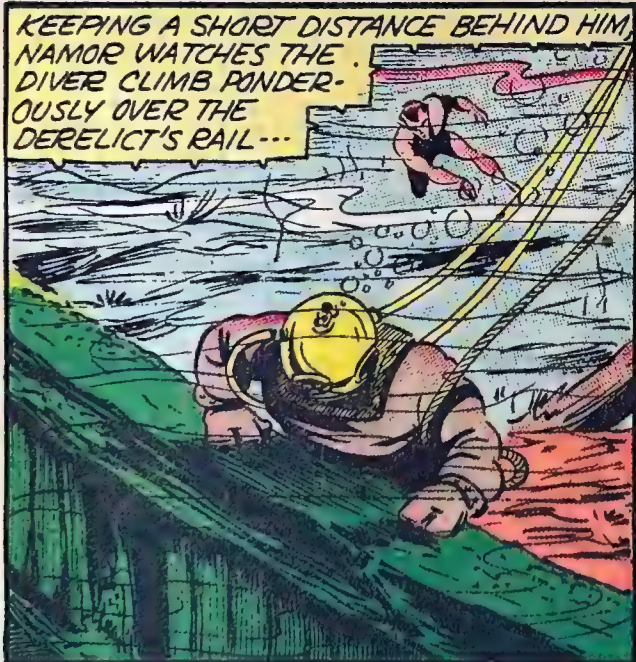


TO NAMOR'S AMAZEMENT, THE DIVER LEADS THE WAY TO AN ANCIENT SPANISH GALLEON, LONG SUBMERGED IN THE PACIFIC WATERS --- COATED WITH BARNACLES, AND SLOWLY ROTTING IN THE SALT SEA.

HOLY HADDOCK!
DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY OF THESE LEFT!

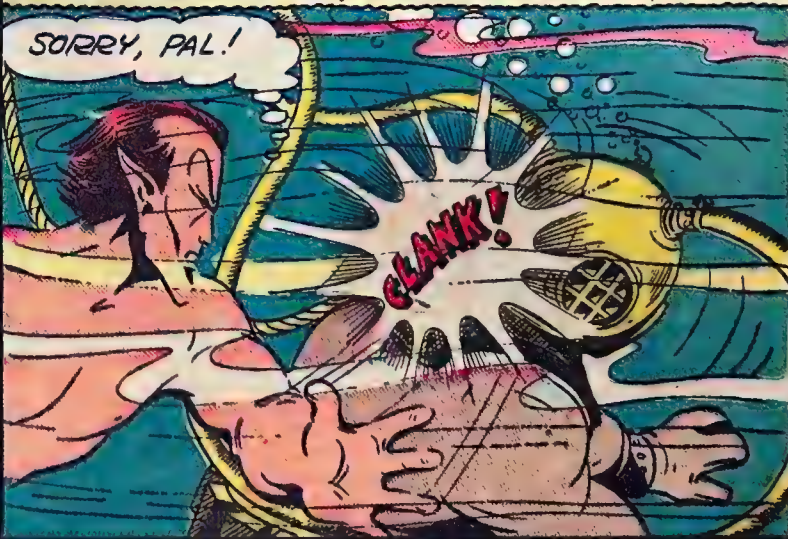


KEEPING A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND HIM, NAMOR WATCHES THE DIVER CLIMB PONDEROUSLY OVER THE DERELICT'S RAIL---



... THEN, WITH A SUDDEN DASH, HE LEAPS ON THE UNFORTUNATE SEAMAN, SLAPPING HIS HEADPIECE SO THAT THE MAN'S HEAD CRACKS AGAINST THE INSIDE OF THE STEEL HELMET, KNOCKING HIM OUT!

SORRY, PAL!



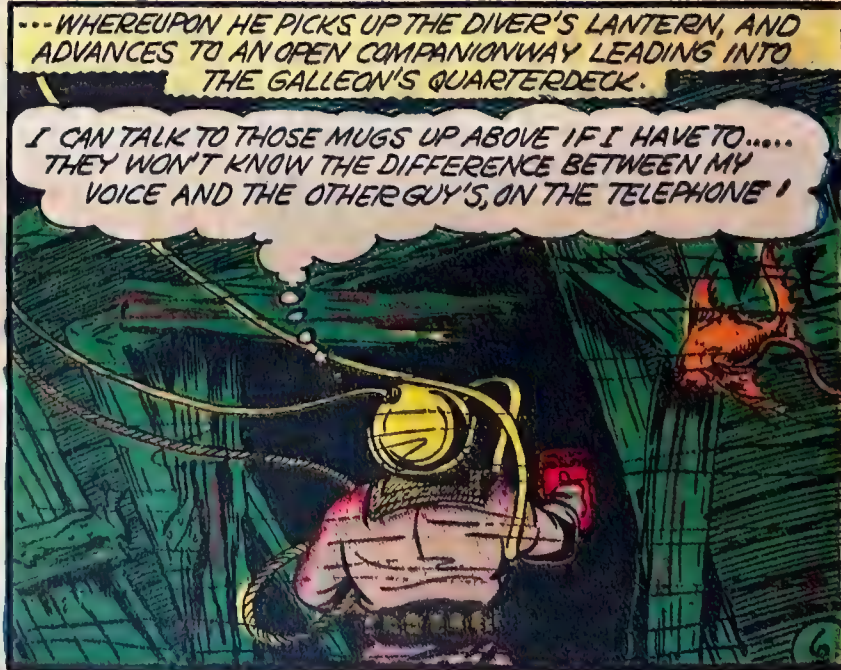
DIVESTING THE SAILOR OF HIS DIVING SUIT, NAMOR QUICKLY DONS IT HIMSELF ---

A WATERY GRAVE ISN'T THE MOST PLEASANT RESTING-PLACE, BUT YOU DESERVE IT --- AND ANYWAY, I HAVE A LITTLE GAME TO PLAY!



... WHEREUPON HE PICKS UP THE DIVER'S LANTERN, AND ADVANCES TO AN OPEN COMPANIONWAY LEADING INTO THE GALLEON'S QUARTERDECK.

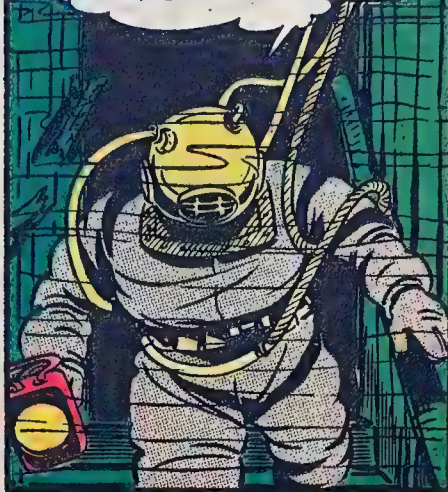
I CAN TALK TO THOSE MUGS UP ABOVE IF I HAVE TO..... THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MY VOICE AND THE OTHER GUY'S, ON THE TELEPHONE!



'ELLO, JOSEPH! EVERYT'ING SHE'S HOKAY, NO? WHY YOU NO TELL-A ME WOTTA YOU DO, HEH? WHERE-A YOU AT NOW?



EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, CHIEF! I'M GOING DOWN INTO THE CABIN NOW. GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE AIR, HUH? PRESSURE'S KIND OF HEAVY HERE.



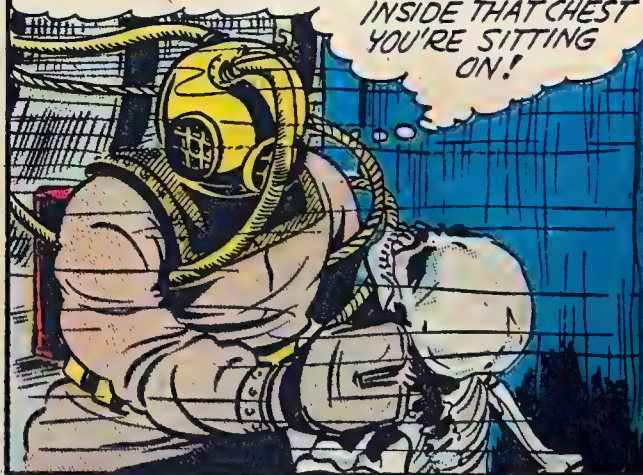
HOKAY - YOU GET 'UM! DA TREAS' SHE'S-A SUPPOSE-A TO BE IN DA CAPTAIN'S CABIN... YOU LOOK FOR SEE, HEY? DEN-A TELL-A ME WOTTA YOU FIN'. I'M-A WAIT' FOR HEAR WOTTA YOU SAY!



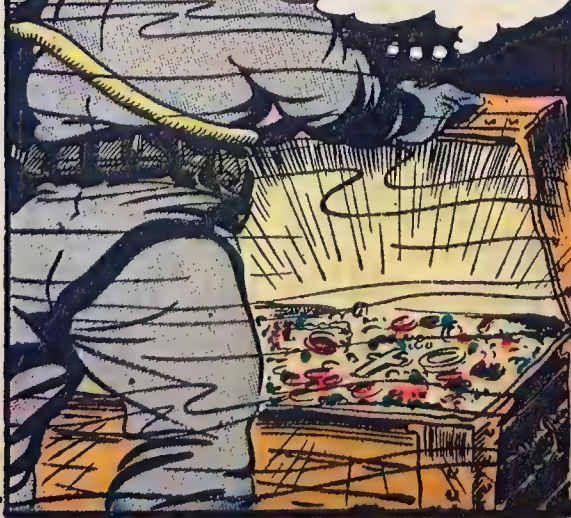
OKEY-DOKEY, CHIEF! **SUFFERIN' SHAD!** IT'S HERE, BOSS - WITH ABOUT FIFTY MILLION SKELETONS GUARDIN' IT! HOLY HALIBUT, BUT THEY MUST HAVE HAD SOME FIGHT! I'LL CALL YOU BACK WHEN I FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS, CHIEF....



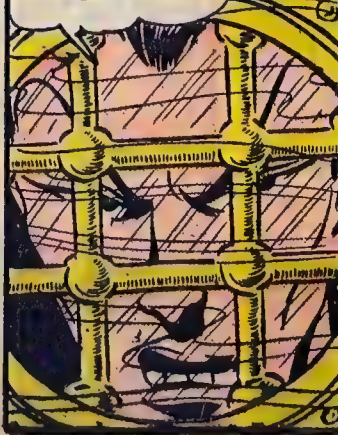
WELL, MR. BONES, WERE YOU BY ANY CHANCE THE SKIPPER OF THIS TUB? IF YOU COULD ONLY TALK I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE A MEAN TALE OR TWO TO TELL! HOWEVER, I'LL HAVE TO TOSS YOU ASIDE FOR A MOMENT OR TWO... I WANT A LOOK INSIDE THAT CHEST YOU'RE SITTING ON!



WOW! **JEWELS!** MILLIONS OF 'EM! AND 'PIECES OF EIGHT"! MAN, WHAT A HAUL!

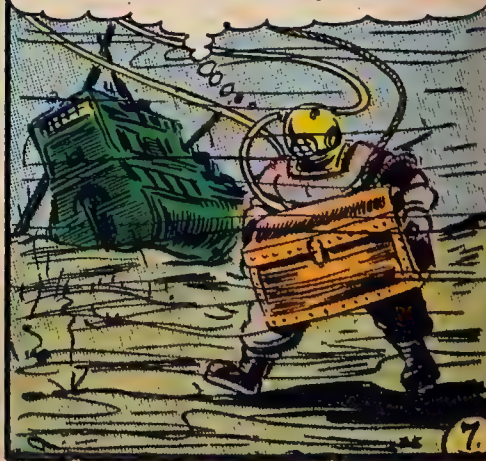


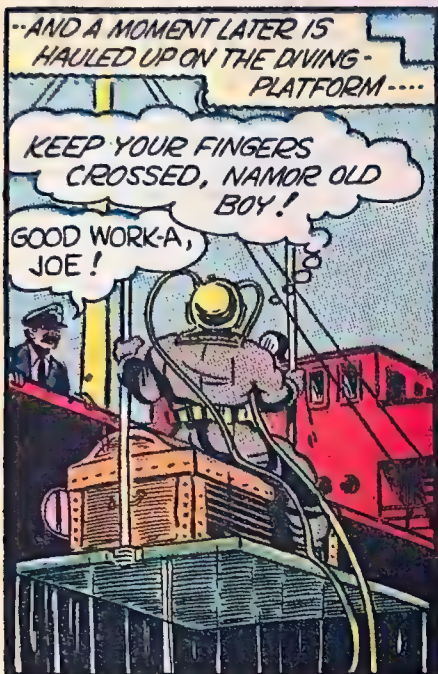
HELLO, CHIEF? LOOKS LIKE WE'RE RICH, ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING OUT NOW, AND BRINGING THE STUFF WITH ME. I'LL BE ON THE PLATFORM IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES....



NAMOR CARRIES THE HEAVY OAK CHEST EASILY ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR....

THESE DEVILS ARE GOING TO GET AN AWFUL SHOCK WHEN THEY FIND OUT I'M NOT 'JOSEPH'!





...AND A MOMENT LATER IS
HAULED UP ON THE DIVING-
PLATFORM....

KEEP YOUR FINGERS
CROSSED, NAMOR OLD
BOY!

GOOD WORK-A,
JOE!



WITH THE GREED OF STARVING VULTURES,
DAGLIO AND HIS HENCHMEN POUNCE
UPON THE BOOTY, UTTERLY IGNORING
NAMOR IN HIS DISGUISE....

DAGLIO - WE'RE
RICH --- **RICH!**

CUOR DI MAMA!
IT'S A TRUE! LOOK-A
AT-A DA JOOLS!
MAMA INEZ!



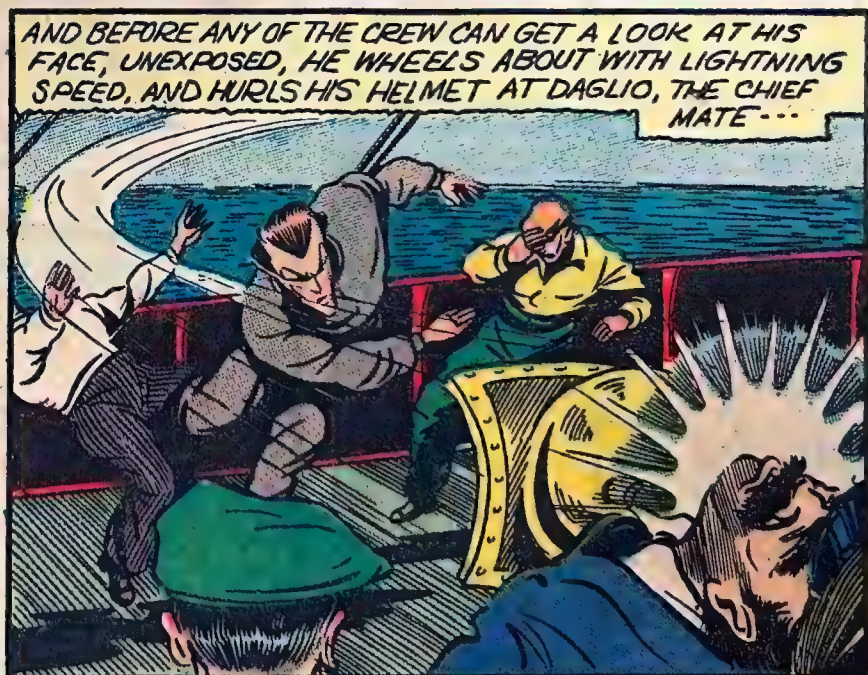
HO! HO! HO! DAT JOHNSON
HE CAN-A LAUGH ON-A DA
ODDER SIDE FOR HIS FACE
NOW, NO?? DAGLIO HE
IS-A DA CLEVER ONE, HEY?
JOSEPH! YOU GET-A IN-A DA
DECOMPRESS' CHAMBER,
QUICK, AIN'T IT? DEN YOU
SEE WOTTA YOU BRING US!



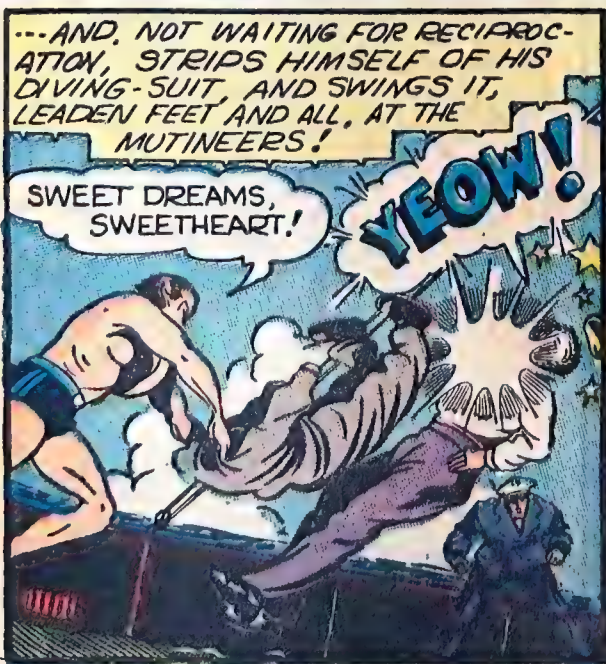
DON'T NEED NO DECOMPRESSION
CHAMBER, BOSS --- THE PRESSURE
WASN'T THAT STRONG DOWN THERE
I WON'T GET "THE BENDS" JUST
BRING ME A DRINK, HUH?

HEY!

SURE - SURE, JOE!
ANY'ING WOTTA
YOU WANT!



AND BEFORE ANY OF THE CREW CAN GET A LOOK AT HIS
FACE, UNEXPOSED, HE WHEELS ABOUT WITH LIGHTNING
SPEED, AND HURLS HIS HELMET AT DAGLIO, THE CHIEF
MATE...



...AND, NOT WAITING FOR RECIPROCA-
TION, STRIPS HIMSELF OF HIS
DIVING-SUIT, AND SWINGS IT,
LEADEN FEET AND ALL, AT THE
MUTINEERS!

SWEET DREAMS,
SWEETHEART!

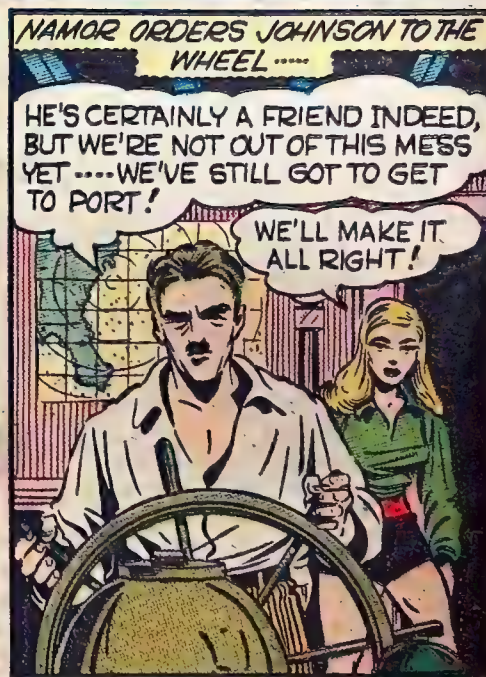
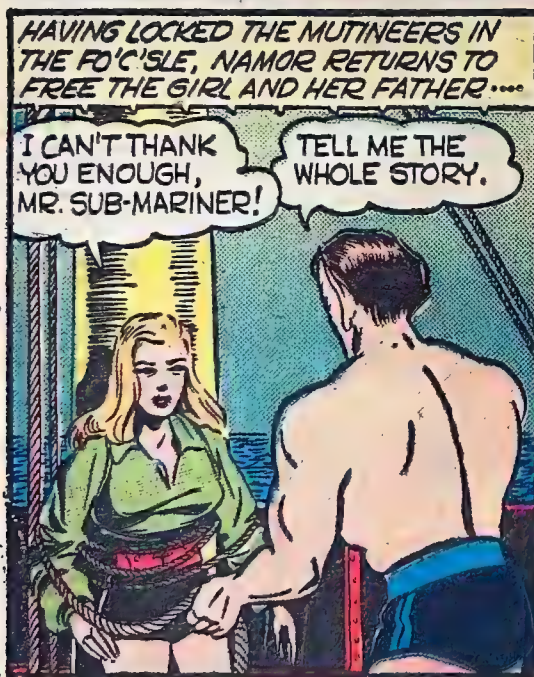
YEOW!



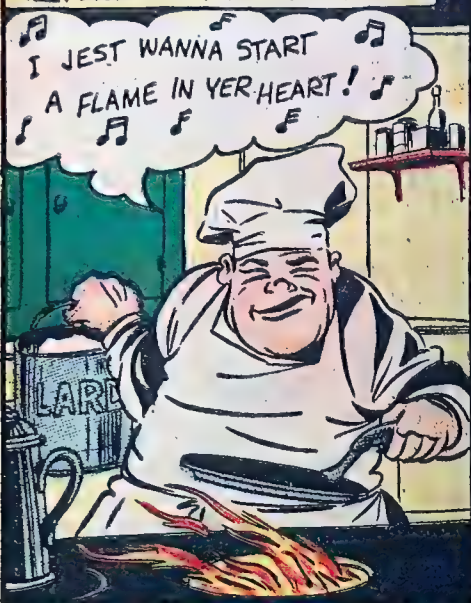
HEY! IT'S DE SAME
GUY WHAT WE DROWNED
A WHILE AGO!!! HOW DID
HE GET HERE??



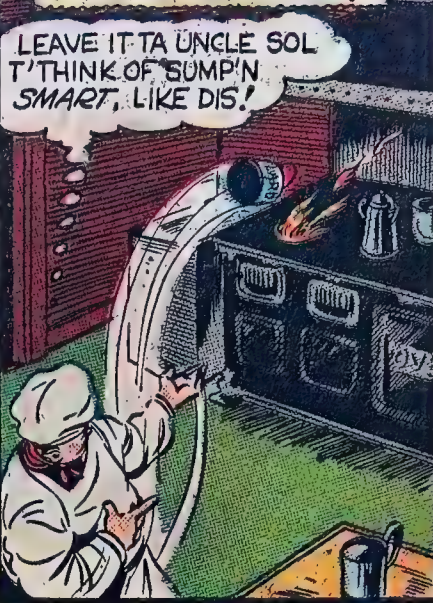
OH, BROTHER!
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO
KNOW, THOUGH? TOO
BAD YOU DOPES DON'T
READ MARVEL COMICS -
IF YOU DID, THEN YOU'D
BE BETTER ACQUAINTED
WITH THE SUB-MARINER!



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE CHEF RETURNS TO THE GALLEY----



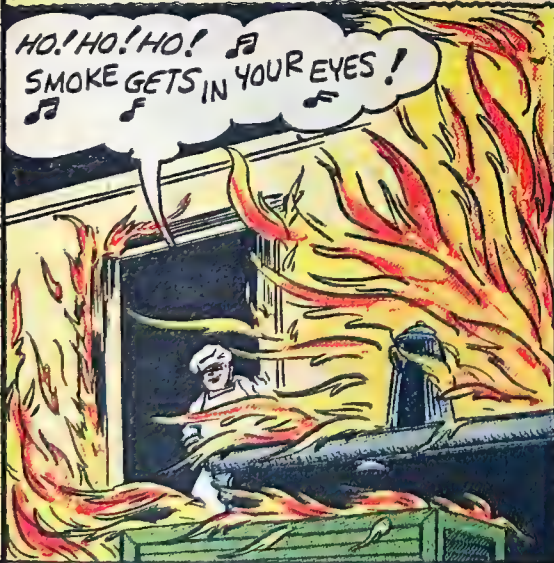
---AND TOSSES A CAN OF LARD INTO THE OPEN RANGE!



IN A SPLIT-SECOND THE GALLEY IS A MASS OF BLINDING FLAME!



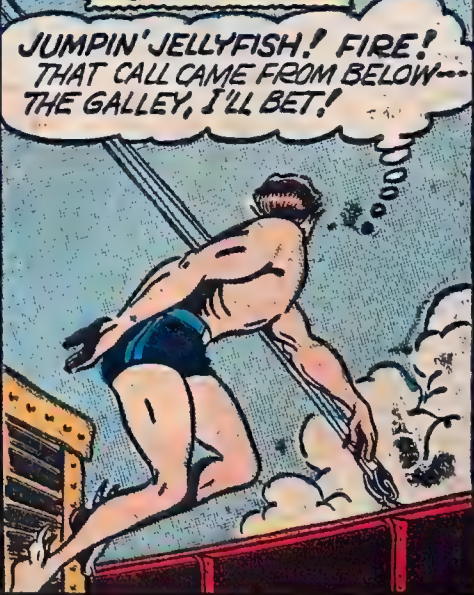
THE CHEF LEAPS THROUGH THE DOOR, AND WATCHES AS THE FLAMES LICK HUNGRILY AT THE WOODWORK----



THEN, A MOMENT LATER---



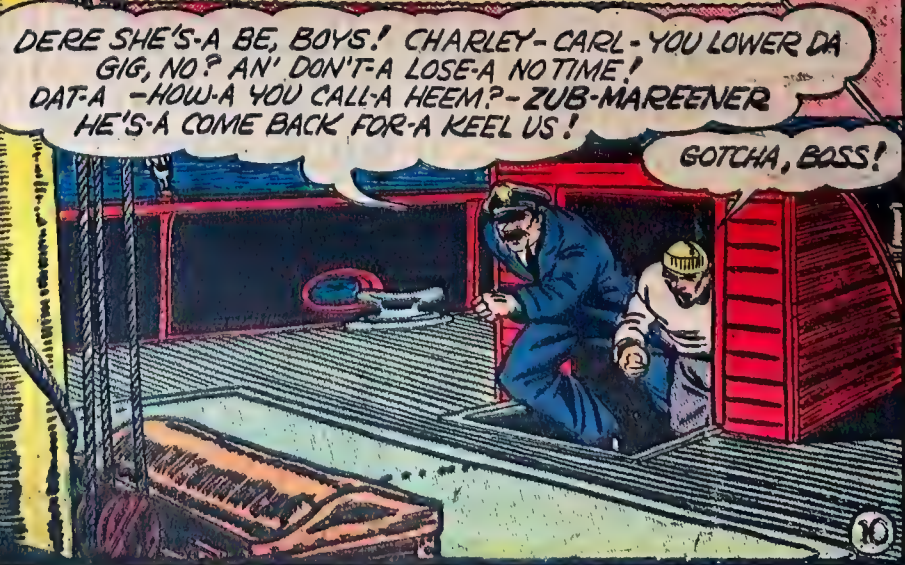
NAMOR, ON DECK, HEARS THE CHEF'S CRY---



RACING DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY, HE RUNS SMACK INTO THE WALL OF FIRE!



AT THE SOUND OF THE CHEF'S ALARM, DAGLIO AND HIS MEN SCRAMBLE MADLY OUT OF THE FO'C'S'LE, AND MAKE A DASH FOR THE UNPROTECTED TREASURE-CHEST!



DAGLIO'S MEN, ADEPT AT THEIR TRADE, LOWER THE CAPTAIN'S GIG IN THE FLASH OF A FEW SECONDS --- WHILE NAMOR ATTEMPTS TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE BELOW.



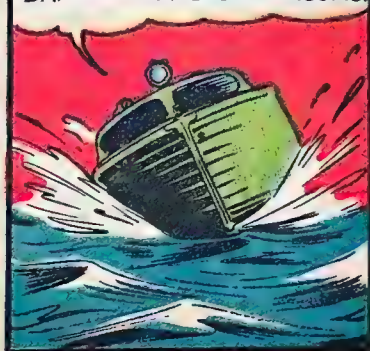
HERE SHE COME, BOSS - TAKE IT EASY - SHE'S HEAVY!

HOKAY, CHARLIE! YOU AN-A CARL, YOU COME ALONG BY ME, HEY?

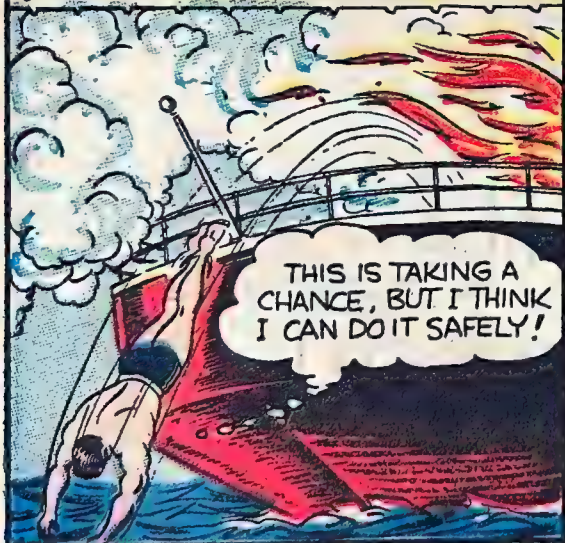


IMMEDIATELY THE ROPE'S ARE CAST OFF, AND THE LITTLE POWER-BOAT LEAPS AWAY FROM THE SHIP'S SIDE...

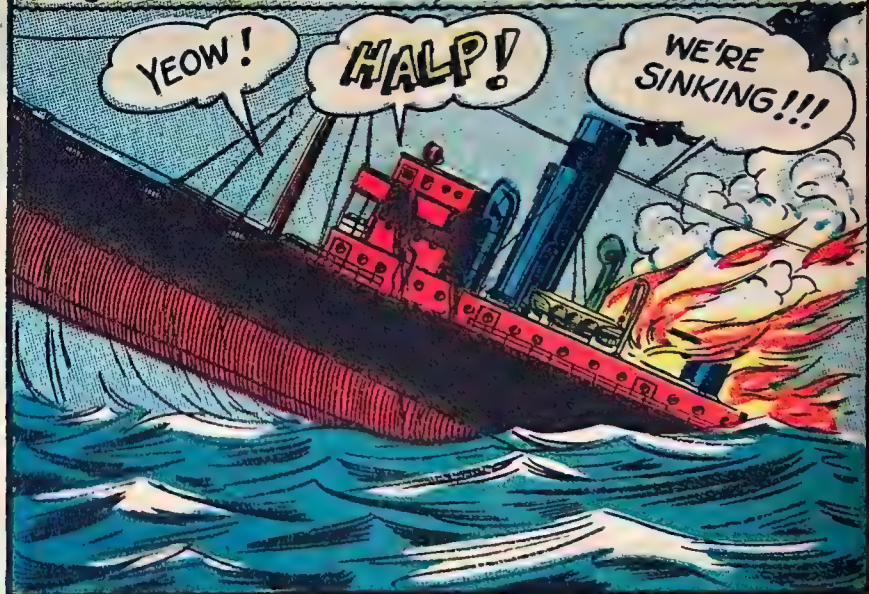
DAT'S-A GOOD! EVERY'ING SHE'S-A FIX NOW, AIN'T IT? BEAR SOU'WEST-BY-WEST, CHARLEY --- WE HIT BAHITI IN A COUPLA HOURS.



IN THE MEANTIME, UNABLE TO STOP THE RAPIDLY SPREADING FLAMES, NAMOR SEIZES UPON AN IDEA --- HE DIVES OVER THE "ALBATROSS" STERN!



SUDDENLY, TO THE CREW'S AMAZEMENT, THE SHIP'S BOW RISES HIGH OUT OF THE WATER, AND HER STERN SUBMERGES!



BUT IN A MOMENT NAMOR RELEASES THE STERN, HAVING COMPLETELY DOUSED THE DESTRUCTIVE FLAMES, AND THE "ALBATROSS" RIGHTS HERSELF!



HOLY HADDOCK! I LEFT THE CHEST UNGUARD, AND I'LL BET THOSE CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH IT! THEY DELIBERATELY DISTRACTED MY ATTENTION! WELL, IT'S NOT TOO LATE YET!



SETTING OUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, HE RAPIDLY OVERTAKES DAGLIO ---

BLOW ME DOWN, CHIEF! SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWIN' US!

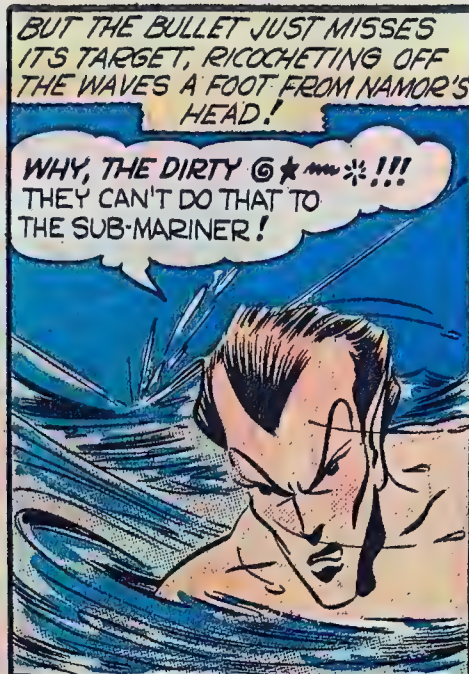
WELL, YOU GOTTA DA GUN - WHY-A YOU DON'TA USE IT?





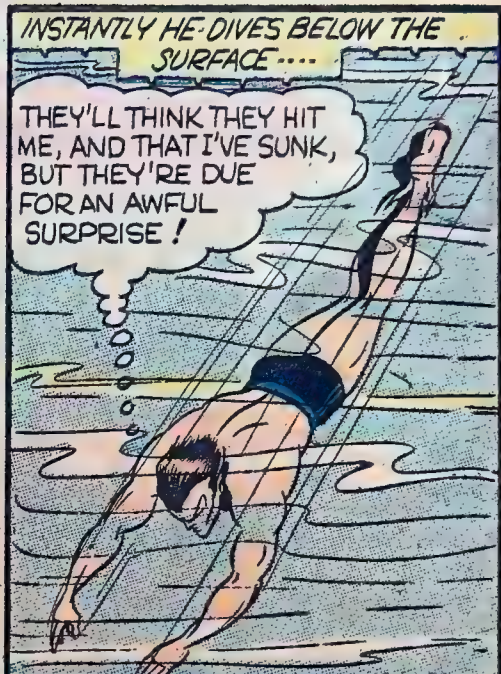
YEAH! WHY DIDN'T I T'INK O' DAT? OKAY, CHIEF - I'LL KNOCK 'IM OFF WID ONE SLUG!

NICE-A SHOT, KID!



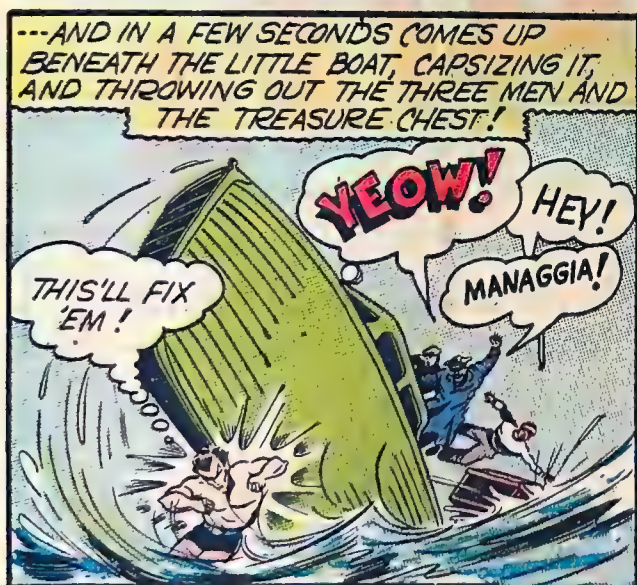
BUT THE BULLET JUST MISSES ITS TARGET, RICOCHETING OFF THE WAVES A FOOT FROM NAMOR'S HEAD!

WHY, THE DIRTY G*★*!!! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO THE SUB-MARINER!



INSTANTLY HE DIVES BELOW THE SURFACE....

THEY'LL THINK THEY HIT ME, AND THAT I'VE SUNK, BUT THEY'RE DUE FOR AN AWFUL SURPRISE!



---AND IN A FEW SECONDS COMES UP BENEATH THE LITTLE BOAT, CAPSIZING IT, AND THROWING OUT THE THREE MEN AND THE TREASURE CHEST!

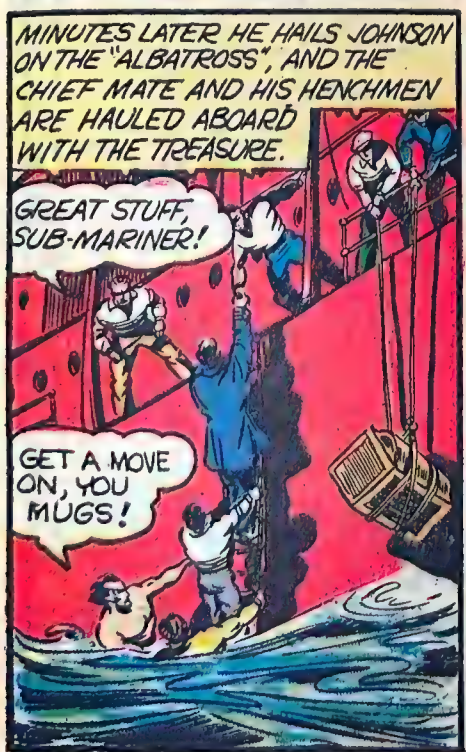
YEOW! HEY! MANAGGIA!

THIS'LL FIX 'EM!



IN A FLASH HE DIVES AGAIN, RESCUING THE PANICKY MUTINEERS, AND SAVING THE TREASURE!

THIS'LL BE A HANDFULL ---THREE MEN AND A CHEST ---YO-HO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF BAY RUM!!!



MINUTES LATER HE HAILES JOHNSON ON THE 'ALBATROSS', AND THE CHIEF MATE AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE HAULED ABOARD WITH THE TREASURE.

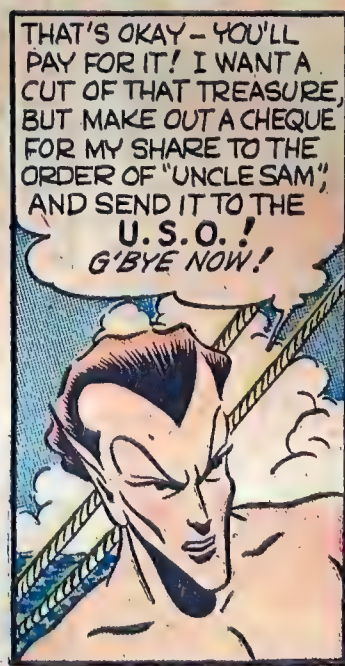
GREAT STUFF, SUB-MARINER!

GET A MOVE ON, YOU MUGS!




ON DECK, JOHNSON KEEPS DAGLIO COVERED---

I GUESS THINGS ARE PRETTY WELL UNDER CONTROL NOW. THEY WON'T TAKE US BY SURPRISE AGAIN! THANKS A MILLION, NAMOR!



THAT'S OKAY - YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I WANT A CUT OF THAT TREASURE, BUT MAKE OUT A CHEQUE FOR MY SHARE TO THE ORDER OF "UNCLE SAM", AND SEND IT TO THE U.S.O.! G'BYE NOW!

A WINNER!



YES - A WINNER!

OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES!

SUB-MARINER FIRST

ON YOUR LIST IN EVERY ISSUE OF

MARVEL COMICS!

The **SURPRISE SUCCESS**
Of the **CENTURY!**

A FEW
MONTHS
Ago

YOUNG ALLIES

COMICS

HIT THE NEWSSTANDS
OF AMERICA AND WERE
SOLD OUT IN RECORD-
BREAKING TIME!

And Now IN RESPONSE TO
THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS
OF REQUESTS, A SECOND
ISSUE OF "YOUNG ALLIES"
HAS BEEN PRINTED AND WILL
SOON BE ON SALE!

DON'T MISS THIS AMAZING
ADVENTURE TALE OF A BRAVE
BAND OF AMERICAN BOYS LED
BY BUCKY (OF CAPTAIN AMERICA)
AND TORO (OF THE HUMAN TORCH)
AS THEY BATTLE THE BLACK
TALON, THE MOST VICIOUS
KILLER EVER TO MENACE THE
UNITED STATES!

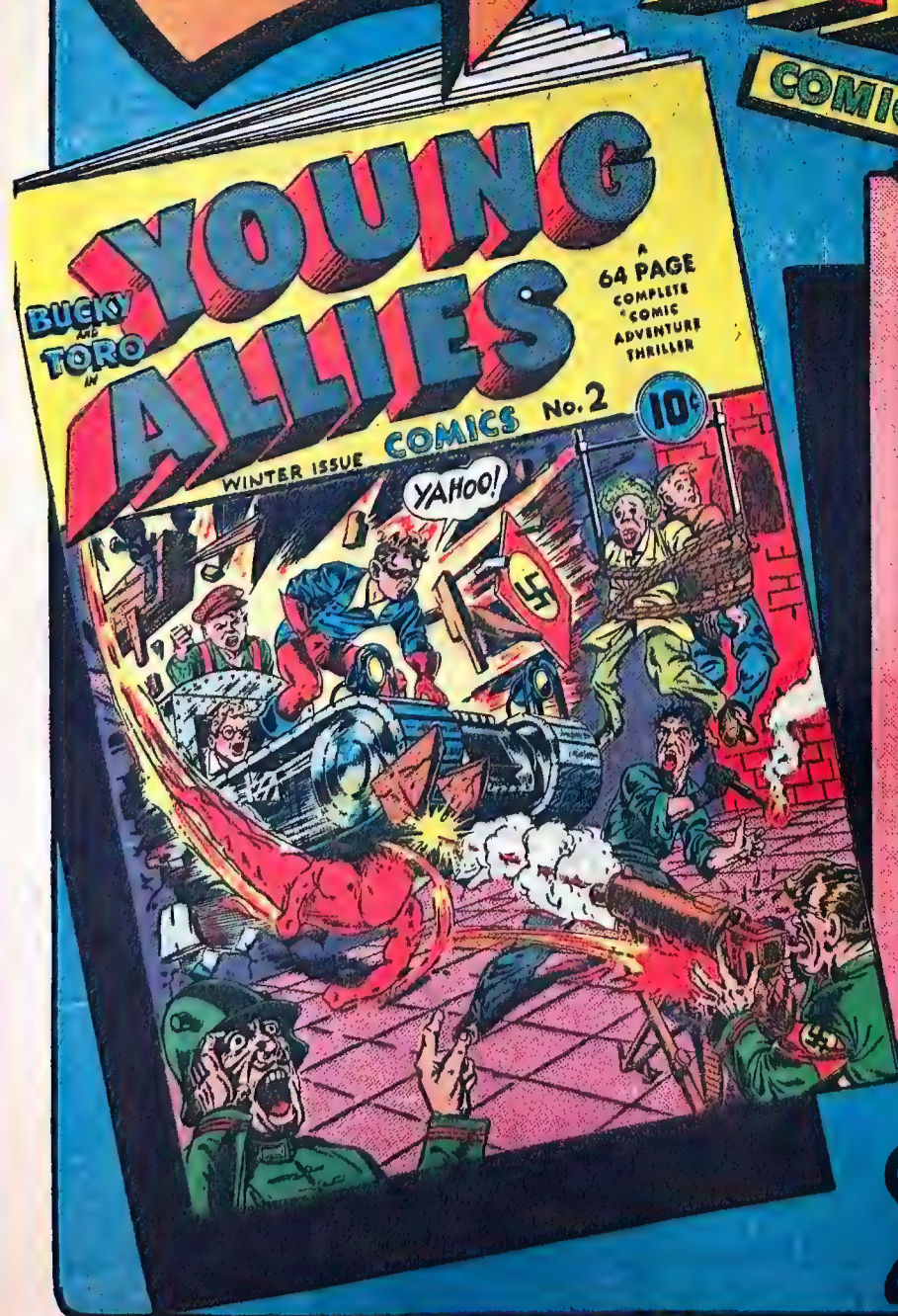
64 PAGES OF THRILLS!

YOUNG ALLIES # 2.

On
Sale

ON OR ABOUT

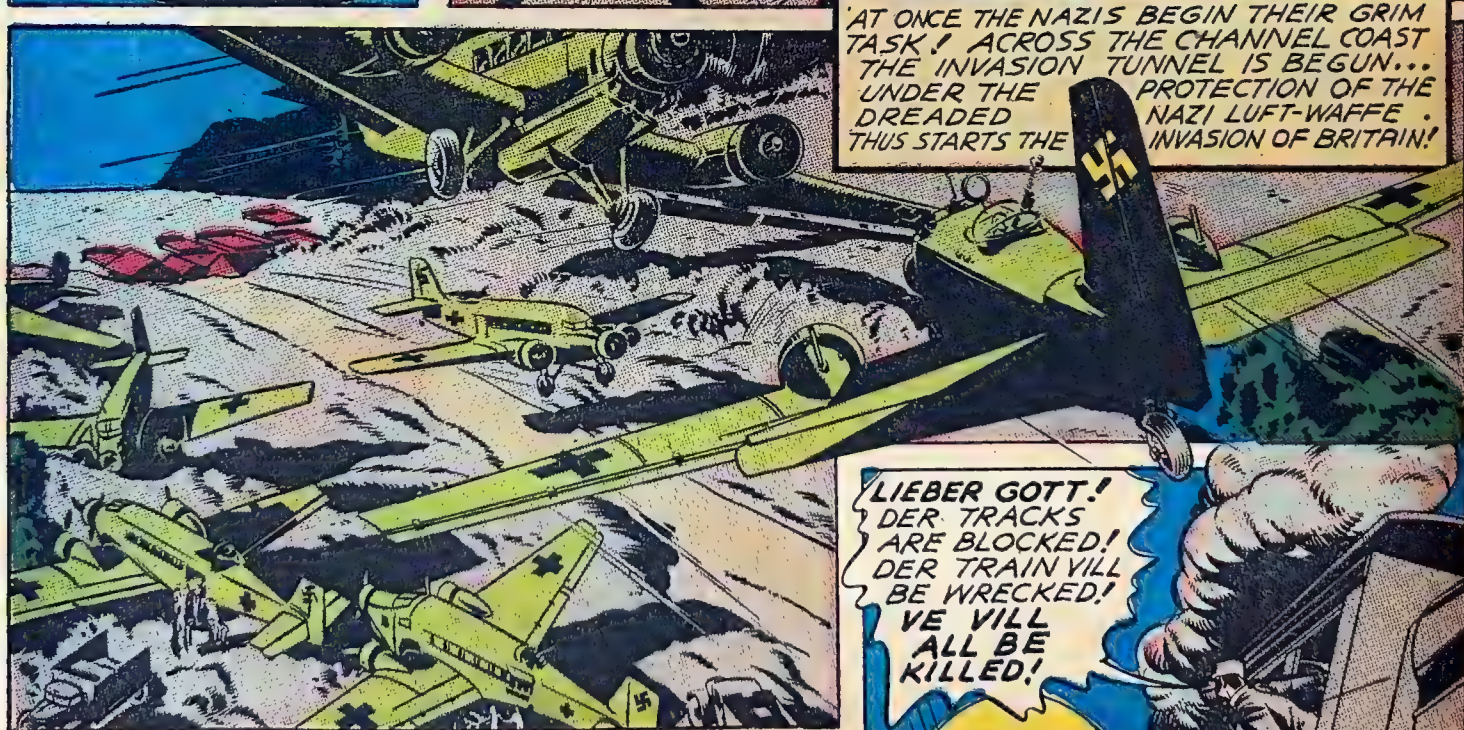
NOV. 25TH



The DESTROYER



From the famous Character
Created by STAN LEE

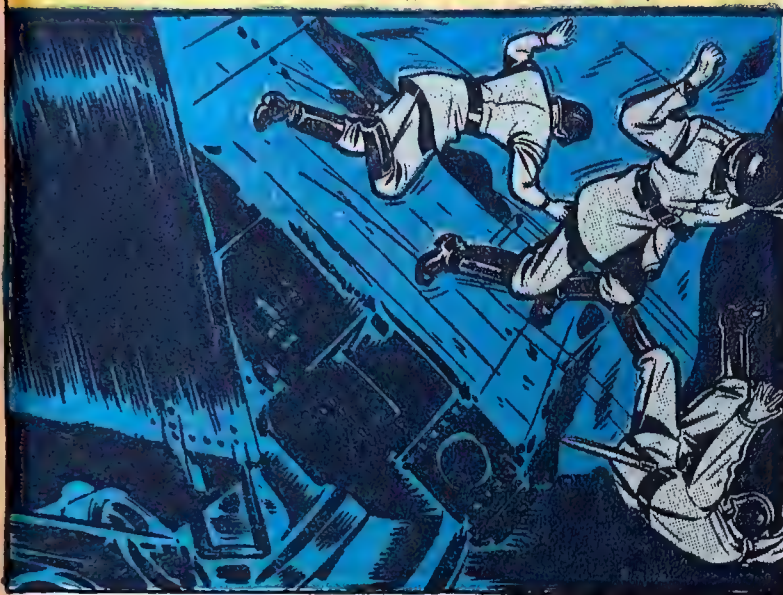


WHILE MILES AWAY A POWERFUL FIGURE PLANS A DARING COUP! THE DESTROYER PREPARES FOR ACTION!

- IS PUT A FEW LOGS ON THE TRACKS AND WATCH THE FUN!



HITTING THE LOG BARRICADE, THE SPEEDING TRAIN
LEAPS THE TRACKS AS THE GERMAN SOLDIERS
ARE THROWN OFF IN A MAD PLUNGE!



TWISTING, CAREENING, ... A MASS OF
TORTURED STEEL, THE TRAIN FINALLY
CRASHES TO A HALT... COMPLETELY
WRECKED. THANKS TO THE DESTROYER!

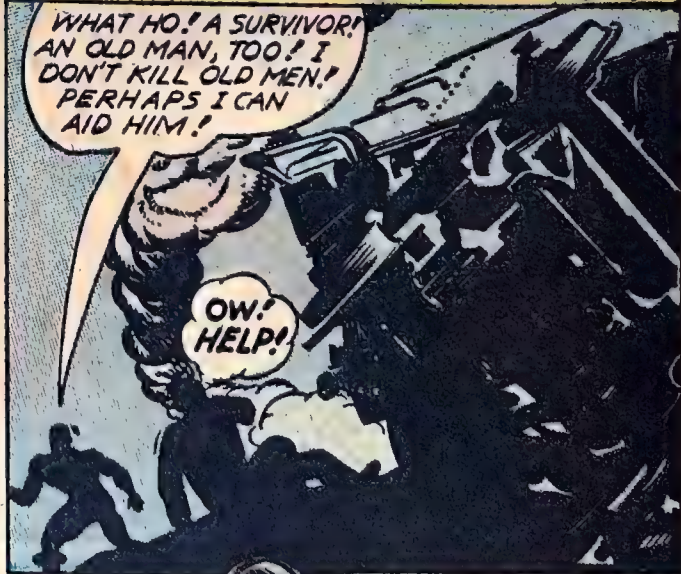


THE SURVIVING
NAZI SOLDIERS
SEARCH IN A
TERRITORY IN A
DESPERATE
ATTEMPT TO FIND
THE MASTER
SABOTEUR
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE WRECK!



WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WRECK...

WHAT HO! A SURVIVOR!
AN OLD MAN, TOO! I
DON'T KILL OLD MEN!
PERHAPS I CAN
AID HIM!



OW!
HELP!

ARE YOU
BADLY
HURT? CAN
I HELP YOU?

NO, MY BOY, I'M DONE FOR!
I'M WEAK BECAUSE I'VE BEEN
TORTURED BY THE NAZIS!
I'M AN ENGINEER AND THEY
WANTED ME TO HELP THEM
BUILD THEIR SECRET
INVASION TUNNEL!



SUDDENLY--

I HEAR SOME-
THING BEHIND...
WHAT TH?

DIE,
DOG!



WHIRLING SUDDENLY, THE DESTROYER SEIZES THE NAZI'S GUN, AND....

I'M NOT QUITE READY TO DEPART FROM THESE PREMISES AT PRESENT, PAL! BUT YOU ARE!

NOW I'VE GOT TO REACH THE COAST AND FIND OUT ABOUT THAT TUNNEL! AHA, TRUCKS, JUST WHAT I NEED!

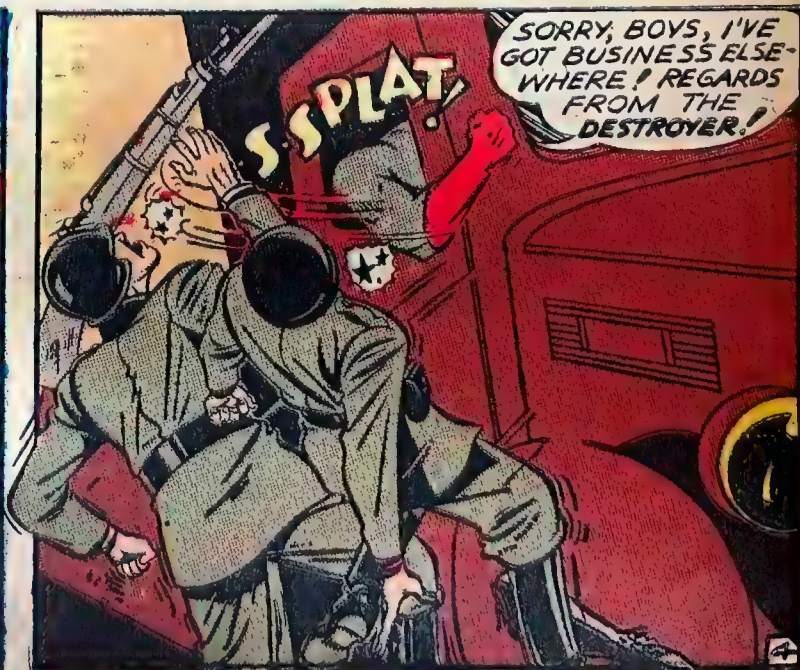


ONE OF THE SUPPLY TRUCKS TAKES ON AN UNSUSPECTED PASSENGER!



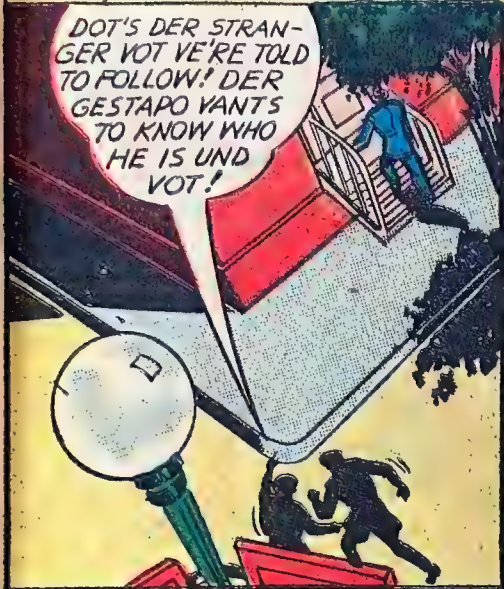
LATER-

HALT! PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION! COME OUT FROM DER TRUCK!



SORRY, BOYS, I'VE GOT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE! REGARDS FROM THE DESTROYER!

THE NEXT DAY A TALL HUSKY FIGURE ENTERS A HOUSE, UNAWARE OF BEING FOLLOWED.



HE LOOKS LIKE HE ISS STRONG! YE MIGHT HAFF TROUBLE!...OH, VY DIDN'T I BECOME A PLUMBER LIKE I VANTED TO INSTEAD OF A GERMAN GEE-MAN?



SHTICK UP MIT DER HANDS! QUICK, OR VELL MAYBE YET PULL DER TRIGGER!

OOOH! VISITORS! HOW I LIKE NAZI OFFICERS! COME IN!



IN A FEW SECONDS THE STRANGER FORCES THE OFFICERS TO REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE TUNNEL. ... BUT THEN A HUGE NAZI GUARD BARGES IN!

DONNERVETTER!
STRIKE MY
MASTERS, EH?
I'LL KILL YOU
FOR DOT!

BUT THE STRANGER SUDDENLY
REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHES AND
BEHOLD... **THE DESTROYER!**

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE
HEROIC FIGURE OF THE
DESTROYER STANDS ABOVE
A GUARD IN AN AIRPLANE
FACTORY...

SORRY I HAVEN'T TIME
TO PLAY WITH YOU, BUT
THERE'S A LITTLE
MATTER I MUST
ATTEND TO
FIRST!

SWISH!

CONTRARY
TO THE LAW
OF GRAVITY
THE FIGURE OF
THE GUARD
SUDDENLY
SEEMS TO FLY
UPWARD!

NOW THE OL' DESTROYER
IS REALLY GOING TO
GO TO TOWN!

A
SECOND
LATER,
A HUGE
PLANE
ROARS
THRU
THE
HANGAR!

IN A THRICE THE HUGE NAZI AIRPORT IS BLOWN
UP BY THE DESTROYER TO PREVENT PURSUIT...!

BINGO!!

THE DESTROYER LANDS IN ENGLAND TO WARN THE BRITISH OF THE GREAT INVASION TUNNEL!

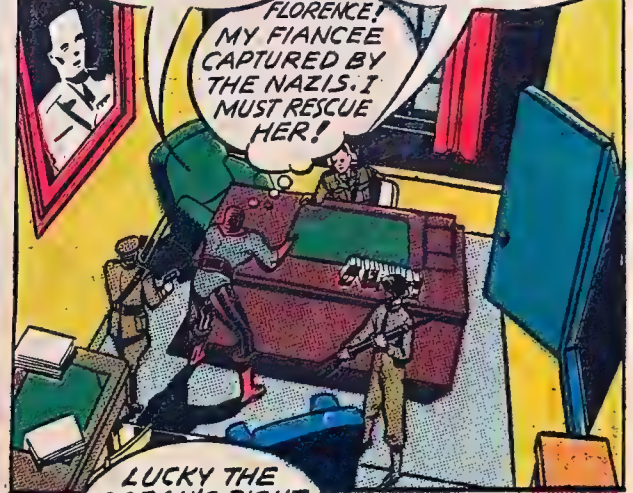
A NAZI PLANE! TRAIN YOUR SIGHTS ON IT!



BUT I TELL YOU I'VE COME HERE TO WARN YOU OF THE GREAT DANGER... I MUST GET...

SORRY! WE SHALL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE NAZI'S FREE FLORENCE VON BANGER IN RETURN FOR YOUR FREEDOM!

FLORENCE! MY FIANCEE CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS. I MUST RESCUE HER!



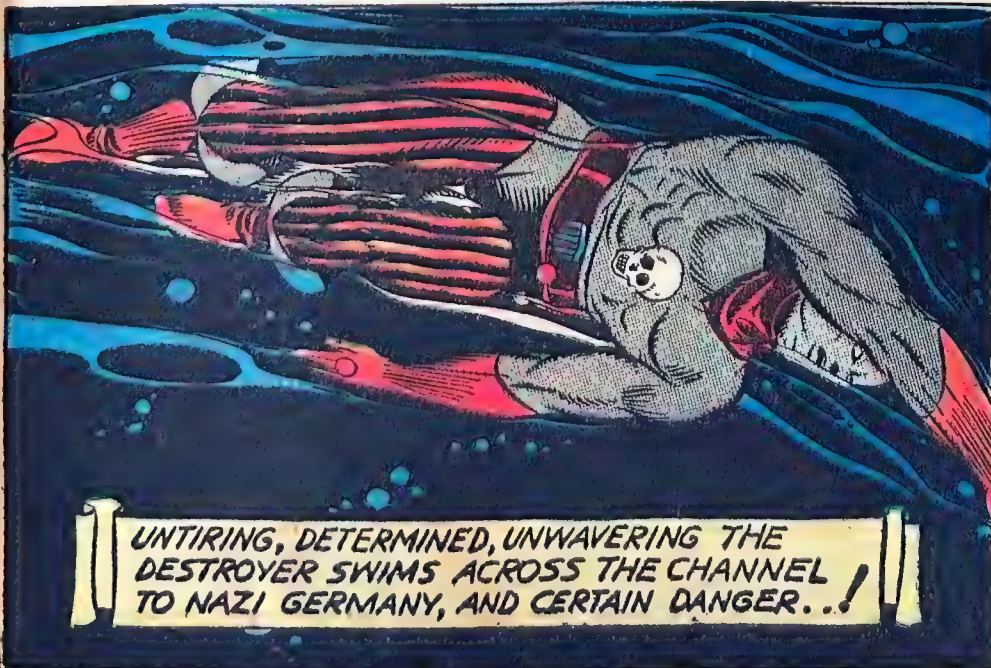
LUCKY THE OCEAN'S RIGHT BELOW. I NEED EVERY SECOND! HERE GOES!



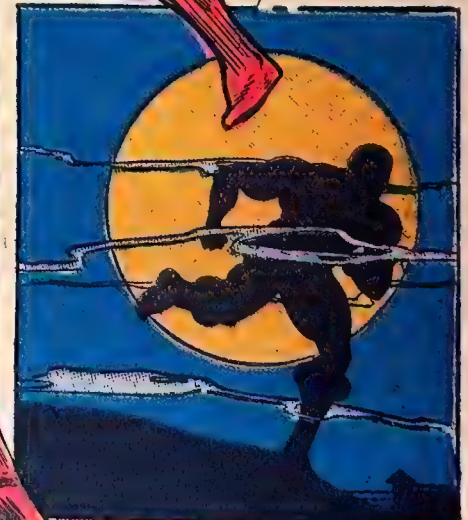
IN PRISON, A DANGLING ROPE IS THE MEANS OF THE DESTROYER'S ESCAPE!



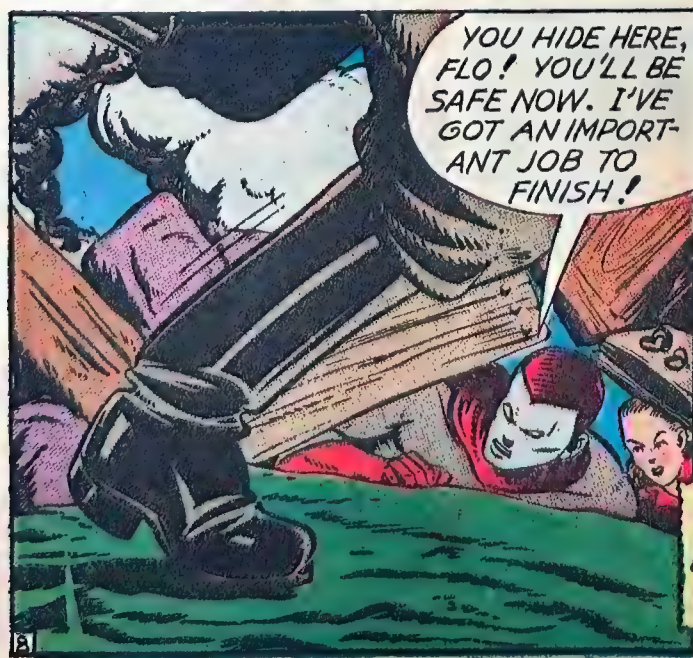
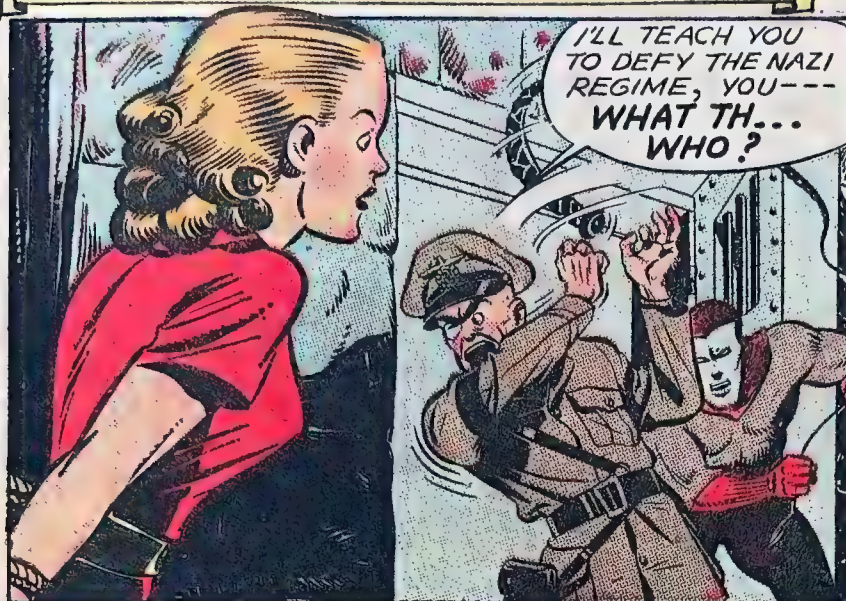
UNTIRING, DETERMINED, UNWAVERING THE DESTROYER SWIMS ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO NAZI GERMANY, AND CERTAIN DANGER...



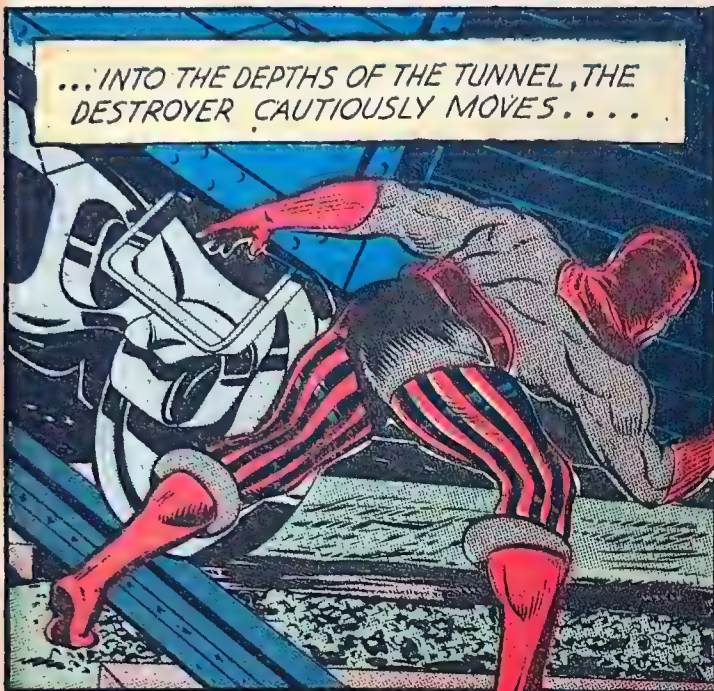
FINALLY THE JUSTICE-SEEKER REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE; A CONCENTRATION CAMP...



REACHING THE CAMP, THE DESTROYER FINDS DOCTOR DRAGON TRYING TO TORTURE INFORMATION OUT OF FLORENCE...



...INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE TUNNEL, THE DESTROYER CAUTIOUSLY MOVES....



YOU DIDN'T SEE ME, EH?

CRACK!

BUT FROM BEHIND DOCTOR DRAGON STRIKES SWIFTLY!



PREPARE FOR INVASION, I HAVE THE DESTROYER TIED UP IN THE CONTROL ROOM.



THE COWARDLY DOCTOR DRAGON REMAINS IN THE CONTROL ROOM WHERE IT'S SAFE, TO DIRECT THE INVASION!

WHAT LUCK! MY BONDS ARE LOOSE!

START ROLLING!



BUT DOCTOR DRAGON CHOSE THE WRONG PLACE FOR SAFETY...

NOW, DOC, YOU'RE GONNA RECEIVE MY SPECIAL TREATMENT!

VOT?

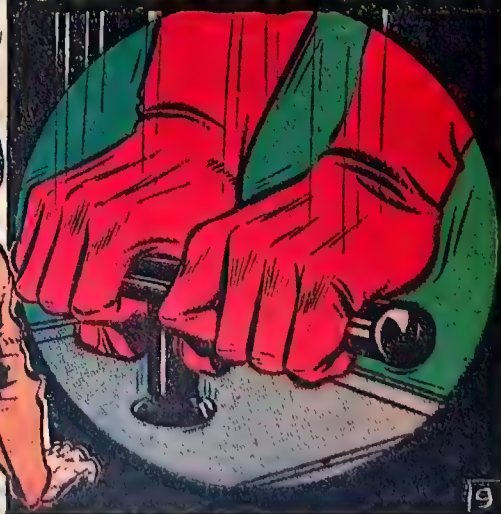


STILL FEEL SAFE?

BOP!



MIGHTY FISTS PLUNGE THE GREAT DYNAMITE SWITCH!





AT THAT INSTANT THE ENTIRE NAZI TUNNEL GIVES A SUDDEN HEAVE AS THOUGH A GIANT VOLCANO WERE SUCKING IN ITS BREATH... AND THEN, A CATACLYSMIC TREMBLE AND AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR... AND THE TREMENDOUS TUNNEL IS NO MORE! THE DYNAMITE HAS DONE ITS WORK!





HUNGRY WAVES ENGULF THE
NAZI TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT
AS THE WALLS OF THE TUNNEL
SUDDENLY GIVE WAY!



HELP!

THIS IS THE
DESTROYER IN
NAZI GERMANY!
I'VE JUST BLOWN
UP THE TUNNEL!
TAKE CHARGE!

RIGHTO!



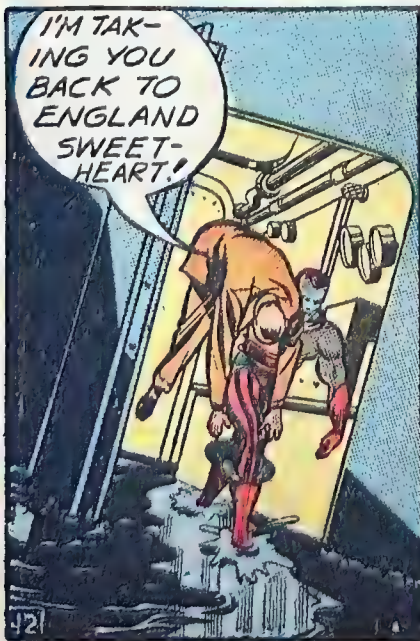
FIRST -
A LESSON
FROM ME!

AT THAT MOMENT —

ALRIGHT MEN,
TAKE THIS SMART
AMERICAN...WE'LL
TEACH HIM...



I'M TAK-
ING YOU
BACK TO
ENGLAND
SWEET-
HEART!



APPROACHING A PLANE,
THE DESTROYER DISPOSES
OF THE GUARDS!

NOT A
TAXI IN
SIGHT!

VOT ISS?
YOU CANT
DO THIS,
YOU...



...AND SO THE DESTROYER
HEADS THE CRAFT FOR
THE BRITISH ISLES WITH
THE NOTORIOUS DOCTOR
DRAGON AS A SOUVENIR—
AND ANOTHER EPIC TALE
DRAWS TO A CLOSE.



HERE
IT
COMES!

U S A

COMICS

As **POWERFUL** as it's **NAME!**

DON'T MISS THESE
ASTONISHING TALES
OF ADVENTURE OF
SUCH POWERFUL
HEROES AS...

★ CAPTAIN TERROR

★ MAJOR LIBERTY

★ The VAGABOND

★ The DEFENDER

★ The WHIZZER

★ JACK FROST

★ ROCKMAN

AND OTHERS!



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ON
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MOST EXCITING

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LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!

Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without-reloading once!

SHOOT
The Famous

DAISY 1000-SHOT

RED RYDER
LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.
COWBOY CARBINE

If you get (or got) money for a Christmas Gift—use it to buy Daisy's famous 1000-shot Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine. *Looks, feels, handles* like a real Western saddle Carbine. Glance over these features: (1) Carbine-style *quick cocking* lever; (2) Lightning-Loader Invention, 1000 shots in 20 seconds; (3) Gun metal blue barrel circled by two Golden Bands; (4) Adjustable double-notch rear sight; (5) 16-inch leather thong knotted to Swivel Carbine Ring for hanging to saddle, bicycle or wall of your room; (6) Red Ryder's name and picture on pistol-grip walnut-finish stock. "It's a Daisy"—*quality* from muzzle to butt. Buy yours *now* from your hardware, sports goods or department store. If they haven't it (or there is no Daisy dealer near you), send us \$2.95—we'll rush yours postpaid in beautiful colored carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisys.

DAISY CATALOG and RED RYDER SHOOTING MANUAL FREE!

Write quick for Free Daisy Catalog and Free OFFICIAL Red Ryder Shooting Manual. Learn to shoot the right way. Red Ryder shows you how! *Write!*



GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!

Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty...like th' gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!

SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER!

Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Small notch for target work—large for snap-shooting. Th' Golden-Colored front sight reminds yuh of th' Golden West!

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Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold—th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!



Here's Little Beaver, Red Ryder and his horse "Thunder"



DAISY PUMP GUN—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES!

50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. Beautifully "gold" stamped jacket.

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USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BIG JUMBO TUBE



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MY BRAND ON STOCK!

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 882 UNION STREET, DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF THE BLACK DRAGON ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST? TORCH AND TORO SET OUT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY AND PLUNGE

INTO AN ADVENTURE THAT PITS THEM AGAINST THE MURDEROUS FURY OF A SOCIETY OF JAPANESE TERRORISTS!

TORCH AND TORO ARE STROLLING ALONG A DOWNTOWN STREET WHEN THEY HEAR A SHARP REPORT...



AT THAT INSTANT THE ENTIRE NAZI TUNNEL GIVES A SUDDEN HEAVE AS THOUGH A GIANT VOLCANO WERE SUCKING IN ITS BREATH... AND THEN, A CATACLYSMIC TREMBLE AND AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR... AND THE TREMENDOUS TUNNEL IS NO MORE! THE DYNAMITE HAS DONE ITS WORK!

